THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1828.

THE EPICUREAN.

In a former number we gave a brief notice of this popular work, and we rejoice in the opportunity which our illustration for this month affords us of returning to the subject. Mr. Moore, in his sweet, but philosophic tale, has imparted to prose all the charms of the finest poetry; and the melody, if we may so call it, of the composition, is in perfect keeping with the sublimity of the sentiments, and the deep and fervid nature of the subject. He traces, with a master hand, the progress of that discontent which must ever accompany error; and in leading the Athenian philosopher from the voluptuous garden of his sect to the mysterious labyrinth of Memphis, beautifully developes the importance of those truths on which Christians repose with gladness and certainty. Like the "Rasselas" of Dr. Johnson, the narrative fully reveals the workings of the human heart under a variety of circumstances; but, unlike that celebrated tale, the "Epicurean" tends to establish the possibility of human happiness, while the author's views of life are free from that morbid melancholy which throws its withering gloom over the pages of "Rasselas."

In this, as in his other works, Mr. Moore paints woman as all wish to behold her—lovely, interesting, and good; with sublimated conceptions of the beauty of virtue, and with a heart totally devoid of that selfishness which a more intimate acquaintance with the world renders natural to the opposite sex. With a felicity peculiar to himself, he has portrayed the human passions with a chastened pencil that never offends; and though he glows with all the warmth of truth, he never degenerates into

any thing approaching to voluptuousness. In the "Epicurean" we have the deepest thoughts clothed in the most exquisite diction, and ideas of grand and original conceptions rendered familiar by a happiness of expression which ought to be more frequently imitated. The moral tendency of the work cannot be too highly praised; and the conclusion is in perfect accordance with the history of the times in which the scene is laid.

Alciphron, the most admired of the Epicurean philosophers, did not need the admonition of that officer which a Persian king retained in his palace to inform him daily that he should die. Every thing around warned him, however immersed in pleasure, that he could not live for ever; and, conscious of this, he quitted Athens, and visited Memphis, in the hope of discovering the secret which was to confer immortality upon its possessor. While wandering here, he sees Alethe, a young priestess of Isis, whose beauty filled him with admiration. During the performance of the religious ceremony in which she was engaged, he lost sight of her, but again beheld her enter the "city of monuments." Accidentally touching a secret spring, he gained admittance into one of the pyramids, and a winding passage led him into a long gallery, at the end of which a gleam of light was visible. The place from which it proceeded was a small chapel, the interior of which could be seen by the Epicurean from where he stood.

"In the middle of the chapel stood a low altar of granite, on which lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal, —as they preserve their dead in Ethiopia,—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch, broken in two, and a bird, just winging its flight from the spray.

"To these memorials of the dead, however, I but little attended; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were most intently fixed.

"The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and, between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline my heart beat high,—and memory, as it proved, had as much share in this feeling as imagination. For,

on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall on the features, I saw with a transport, which had almost led me to betray my lurking place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world."

At sight of her he involuntarily shrunk back; and in the mean time the fair vision vanished; but the Egyptian priests, who had watched his movements, and wished to triumph over his incredulity respecting their artful mysteries, had now prepared for him a series of trials, to which he was to be put by means of his love for Alethe, and his desire to possess the secret of immortality. With amazing fortitude he passed through the perils of the subterraneous abode, and while reposing after his fatigue, in the "Valley of Visions," listening to the words of an aged priest, a strain of mournful music burst upon his ear.

"A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley,—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

"The light, by which I saw her, was from a pale, moon-like meteor, which had formed itself in the air as the music approached, and shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the dead, in their own realm, gaze on each other. The music too, which appeared to rise directly out of the lake, and to come full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express;—and, as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me, that, with breathless anxiety, I waited the result.

"Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position;—the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became gradually transparent, and the features, one by one, disclosed themselves through it. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, 'It is she!' In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes!

"To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse—but the arm of the priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a glory round the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and *the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended into the air.*

"'*Stay, beautiful vision, stay!*' I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground,—the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not:—receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose track she seemed to follow, her form lessened away, till she was seen no more. Gazing, till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I suffered myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy."

Alethe, however, was the means of liberating him from the perils of his situation. Her mother, over whose corpse Alciphron had beheld her leaning in the subterranean chapel, had early instructed her in the truths of the Christian religion; and wishing to save the Epicurean from the machinations of the Egyptian priests, she took that opportunity of escaping with him from the performance of ceremonies which she disliked. They reach Nubia, as has been stated in our former notice, and, by means of an aged hermit Alciphron, is converted to the religion of Christ. In the meantime he woos and wins the heart of Alethe; but on the eve of their intended marriage the hand of tyranny and persecution tears them from each other, and for ever.

The following extract, purporting to be taken from an Egyptian martyrology, concludes the work.

"Alciphron,—an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity, A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and, being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict, he died at the brass mines of Palestine, A. D. 297."

THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(*Continued from page 218.*)

THE FIFTH CALENDAR'S HINTS ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

I AM the youngster of our club, and yet no recruit either; for I have counted days enough in tented field, and lady's bower, to number forty years over my whiskered cheek, and scented mustachios, of a bold hussar!—that being the service I have last held; and as I may thus be esteemed neither too antiquated, nor too juvenile, to give a little cogent advice to my young friends of both sexes, on the momentous sentiments of love and friendship, I shall proceed at once, before I *tell my own story*, to unfold to them the grounds of my early mistakes in life; namely, shewing the errors of the imagination; and thence guiding them, by the straying of my experience, into the safer paths of reason.

That power of the mind which is called the imagination, the source, we may say, of genius, is also the very fountain of man's most exquisite pleasures, and severest pains. By it he views the really lovely face of nature, with a poet's eye; and, consequently, decks her with some of the hues of paradise. Imagination, so inspired, partakes the ethereal purity of her heaven-raised fancy. But when a man cheats himself with dangerous visions, contradictory to the experience, or to the duties of life, then the moral mischief comes, and the existing misery follows. He makes dreams within him, and he acts according to their impulses; he supposes beauties, and motives, and advantages, which have no existence; and bewildering himself in the mazes of vain expectations, lives a sort of opium-intoxicated life, till stubborn realities break in, like storms through a sky of clouds, and the whole pageantry of deceptive vapour is dispersed. What an amaze, what a faintness of heart, what a despair in every faculty, seizes on the soul in such a predicament! His airy castle, like the glittering bow in the cloud, vanishes from his gaze. He flies after the fading glory, to catch one drop at least; and when its gay colours no longer gem the horizon; when he sees nothing around but a wide and wasted world, where the rude tempest strikes him at every turn; he in vain looks to the magic creation

of his own fancy, for comfort of any kind; they cannot give him shelter, a home, and a friend: the spell is broken, and the reign of delusion is no more.

Such must eventually be the situation of every mind that unreflectingly surrenders itself to the tyranny of the imagination. It never sees the occurrences of life in their true light; all is either misery or bliss: its wishes are passions, and their disappointment despair.

In the course of experience, many woes present themselves, to which this illusory power of the soul gives birth; and none are more numerous than in cases of conceived friendship, and of love. With regard to the latter feeling, which was given, (when properly appreciated,) to be the sacred sweetener of the *Marah*, the bitter waters of life! Persons of ardent temperaments and fervid imaginations, too frequently mistake the boon, and would make the whole of their existence one prolonged draught of the honied banquet; nay, they often mistake the very object, and abandoning themselves at once to the pursuit, grasp at the first shape of attraction that crosses their path!—And then, we do not see in such a spirit the gentle influence of true affection, but the absurd fervors of the delirious idolator. It is not tenderness that melts his heart, but passion that influences it. And so he rushes on, in chase of the fancied object of perfection; sometimes making it his own, and in the very moment of possession finds that his lips have only caught and crushed the painted fruit of a fictitious paradise; or he roams on, as the fancy leads, after first one, and then another, according as accident, or some fairer or more amiable object rises on his view, and dissolves one delusion only to give birth to its successor.

In this manner the general lover moves through his span of life, adoring, and beloved; deserting, and execrated; spreading mischief and misery throughout the whole of his progress; and pleading in excuse—should the question be ever solemnly put to him—that, though faithless to the different objects of his passing vows, he is constant to the ideal creature of his imagination, the being he awhile supposed these individuals to be; but when he discovered his mistake, when, on more intimate acquaintance with each goddess of his idolatry, he found her a mere ordinary woman, like the rest of her sex, with weaknesses, foibles, and errors, to be indulged or pardoned, it was impossible

to bring down the tone of his taste to such a level, and he came on in his sublime pursuit!

The same arbitrary, or capricious fancy, (for it is not always from the high tone of taste assumed!) impels some minds to an equal mutability with regard to friendship. A young man seizes on some auspiciously agreeable quality in a new acquaintance; it corresponds with the reigning humour of his own mind:—to this one congeniality of temperament, his imagination adds all the other points of resemblance that would make his intimacy desirable; and having dressed out the new idol for his altar, he worships the visionary friend as he did the mistress, till time, and the frequent touchstone of experience, dissolves this fabric too, and "leaves not a wreck behind."

Thus do men of imagination too often run through life; impelled by this false guide, first into mistake, on mistake, and then into desolation and hopelessness. For what situation can be more desolate than that in which a feeble old man sits down within the walls of his own home, with no soothing relative's hand to smooth the pillow of his declining age? No friend on whom he can rely for comfort, or amusement?—month after month, year after year, must roll on in joyless insipidity, where there is no endearing wife, no affectionately duteous children, to support his failing steps, through the regaling walks of spring and summer; where there are no such jocund hearts and happy voices, to whom he had aforetime dispensed his share of enjoyment, to cheer his winter hearth, and make its outward storms be no more heard! No; his days are solitary, and comfortless because they are solitary. The splashing rain and the howling winds are the only sounds that break the sullen silence of his evening hours. He is alone in the world.—In his old age he is deserted by mankind, because, in his *youth*, they are sought by him only to be forsaken.

How different is this picture from that of the man who is the subject of a just reason. His love towards woman is founded on a true estimation of what human nature is; of what the Almighty designed it should be; of what the mercy of God, and the revealed grace of his divine son, have willed that it shall be; and he loves, as becomes an immortal being, tender, ennobling, unalienably. His friendship, too, grounded on the same principles, is sincere, active, perpetual. In short, his affections are the offspring of reflection. Where he esteems, he esteems for ever; and those who once love him, love him till their latest breath of

thanksgiving to heaven for such a boon;—"a friend, whose price is above rubies." He is not left to sink into the dust without the sustaining hand. While he lives, he is ministered unto by affectionate friends; and when he mingles, at least his mortal part, with "the earth, from whence man was taken," their tears follow him to the grave. Then comes the surviving respect to his virtues; to his well-fulfilled duties of life; and the monument that is left in their bosoms, is far more august and durable than the sculptured urn which crowns the tomb of the rich lonely man, whose aching eyes were closed by pensioned hirelings, and his name commemorated on the lists of donations for hospitals.

In paradise, "man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled." And not even the princely heart of Jonathan, the son of the king of Israel, was satisfied till he found a friend in the shepherd of his father's flock, David, the son of Jesse! J. P.

(To be continued.)

WAKING THE DEAD IN RUSSIA.

With some difficulty we obtained permission to gratify our curiosity, and were admitted into the chamber of death, where the body was laid out. The coffin, which was exceedingly splendid, and very broad at top, after the fashion of an antique sarcophagus, rested upon claw feet. It was covered with crimson, embroidered with silver, and at the head was a large ornamented cross. Underneath it a quantity of ice was laid in a vessel. The corpse was not dressed in a shroud, but in a suit of black; it being the custom to send for a tailor to equip the body as soon as it is dead. The shirt collar was put up erect; a riband bound round the head, with representations of angelic figures on it, and a writing, testifying that the deceased had died in the Christian faith. On the breast was laid a small picture of our Saviour. Three enormous thick tapers, entwined with black crape, and in silver candlesticks, were placed at the end, and on each side of the head, while a fourth stood at the foot of the coffin. Pedestals were also placed round it, with red velvet cushions and gold fringes, on which were laid the several orders of the deceased. A priest, who stood on the right side of the coffin, was reading from a book, and on a temporary altar was placed a small picture in a frame. At certain intervals he was relieved by another ecclesiastic, and they continued thus occupied for three successive days and nights. *Wilson's Travels in Russia.*

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(*Continued from page* 192.)

Oh, there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
A vision of life, and light, and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

They had not resumed their seat in the chaise long, before Francis turned impatiently towards Mr. Irvin.

"Is there nothing but sin and misery to be found in the world? You have a girl, what has she done to incur the wrath of heaven? Why is she overwhelmed with such direful afflictions? Three years ago, a good industrious girl, the pride and delight of her fond parent's heart—assisting with her labour to the support of a large family. What is she now? a blank. The wreck of a human being!"

"Stay, Francis! you are going too far," said Mr. Irvin, sternly; "who shall dare to arraign the wisdom and justice of God? Her visitation is heavy; but it is from him. Therefore commune with your own heart, and be still. Shall the worm strive with its Maker, or the clay say to the potter, why did you fashion me thus? Her life was in his hands, and he disposed of it as seemed best to his eternal wisdom; and rest assured of this truth, 'That he wounds but to heal—punishes but to reform.' But in what could this poor creature have offended?"

"He alone knows, who reads the human heart at a glance. Perhaps, had she calmly submitted to the will of her Creator, and sought for consolation in prayer, humbling herself before the chastening rod of affliction, this calamity had not befallen her. Think not I would accuse the poor stricken creature, or attempt to crush a broken reed; but, knowing the frailty and deceit of the human heart, and how prone we are, at all times, to murmur at the awful dispensations of Providence, I would rather accuse our own vile nature of ingratitude, than question the wisdom and justice of my Maker."

"Your reasoning may be good," said Francis, yielding to the gloomy feelings the two last scenes had called forth; "but the more I see of life, the more fully am I persuaded that it is the good who are, generally speaking, the victims of misfortune, while the bad flourish, and enjoy the fat of the earth."

"Do you envy their lot—their portion, which is of this world? But even here they do not always remain in the undisturbed possession of their ill-gotten wealth. 'What shall it benefit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' 'Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Do riches give happiness, or bring along with them peace? Have you forgotten already the death-bed of Skinner? Do you think a good man, who walked humbly with his God, amid the agonies of disease, and on a bed of straw, could have suffered in the body one pang as keen as those which shook that guilty creature's soul?"

The image of the man, in his dying terrors, presented itself to Francis; he shuddered, and remained silent, while Mr. Irvin continued—

"Never, for a moment, suffer yourself to imagine that the eternal self-existing principal of good ever did, or ever could, create any of his creatures for evil. What may appear stern and inexplicable to our narrow comprehension, may be infinite goodness and mercy in him, 'who wishes not the death of a sinner, but would rather he should turn from his wickedness, and live.'"

Francis leant back in the chaise, without replying to Mr. Irvin's arguments. Sorrow and regret were busy in his heart, and he remained silent and sad during the greater part of their ride home.

The eager hopes the events of the early part of the morning had awakened in his breast, the inward satisfaction he had felt in the prospect of relieving a distressed fellow-creature, by his own exertions, faded in discontented repinings. He no longer anticipated the joy of Musgrave, in being rescued from a life of poverty and shame, or the tears of the grateful Lucy, in being released from the servile bondage of the stage, and restored to her former respectable situation in life, to her friends and family. The scenes of misery he had witnessed, since his visit to S—, had roused all the false sensibility he had been for the last days combatting, and he felt so wretched and low spirited, that, but for very shame, he could have found a relief in tears. The interesting remarks made by Mr. Irvin, on various parts of the beautiful

country they were passing through, failed to rouse him from his mental disease, or draw from him one calm or consistent reply. The good pastor cast on his godson a look of heartfelt compassion, and, quickening his horse's pace, he soon had the satisfaction of beholding the white chimneys of the parsonage rising above the old elms which surrounded his home of peace and love.

The cries of the rooks, returning to their favourite haunts, dispelled young Stanhope's day-dreams. He suddenly started again into life and animation, and shaking back, with his hand, the rich locks of chesnut hair the wind had scattered over his face, he turned to Mr. Irvin, with a look which seemed tacitly to say, "I have been a dull discontented fellow-traveller, forgive the infirmities of my temper."

The pastor understood the silent appeal, and warmly pressed the extended hand of his young friend; but before he could give utterance to the words that trembled on his lips, his attention was arrested by the trampling of horses' hoofs, from the path opposite the lawn they had just entered, and the vicar discovered it to be his daughter and her friend, but under circumstances which greatly alarmed him. Supported in the saddle by the groom, and her horse led at foot-pace by a tall dark youth, in whose swart complexion and raven locks Francis instantly recognized the gipsy Ishmael, appeared Anne Irvin—her countenance pale as death, her hair loose and disarranged, and her habit torn and soiled in many places, convinced the gentlemen that some accident had taken place; and both instantly abandoned the chaise to the groom, and hurried to meet her. In another moment Francis was by Miss Irvin's side; but before he had well succeeded in lifting her from the saddle, she fainted in his arms. —"Pray do not carry her into the parlour, Mr. Stanhope!" cried Fanny, leaping from her horse. "The bustle would terrify her poor mother exceedingly; she would imagine an accident of the most fatal nature. Miss Irvin has had a fall from her horse; but I trust is not dangerously hurt."

Mr. Irvin, seeing his daughter pale and insensible in the arms of Francis, apprehended the most fatal consequences, and instantly dispatched the groom, at full speed, to B—, for medical assistance; while Francis and Fanny succeeded in carrying Anne into the drawing-room, and laying her on the sofa. Stanhope trembled from head to foot, and the vicar was as pale as the fair girl over whom his tears unconsciously fell. Fanny, who knew

more the nature and extent of her friend's accident, was the only composed person in the group, and her active presence of mind soon succeeded in restoring her to animation. As soon as the first deadly faintness, succeeding her swoon, had worn off, Anne raised herself on the sofa, though apparently with much pain, and seeing her beloved parent in tears, flung herself on his bosom.

"Be not alarmed, my own dear kind papa," she said, "I do not think I am much hurt. Go and tell dear mamma so."

"She is not acquainted with your accident."

"Then pray inform her, before the servants have exaggerated particulars. She must have heard us arrive home, and our absence cannot fail to excite her fears."

Anne's prudent measures were rendered abortive, by the door suddenly opening, and Mrs. Irvin rushing into the apartment, in a state of mind nearly bordering on distraction. "Where is she? Where's my child? Who will lead me, in compassion, to my child!"

Overcome by her natural solicitude, Mrs. Irvin staggered to a seat, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

"I am well, quite well, dear mamma!" exclaimed Anne, suppressing the mien of pain that rose to her lips. "Your distress afflicts me more than the few bruises my fall has inflicted on me. I have sprained my ankle, nothing more, I assure you."

Hearing the voice of her child, Mrs. Irvin became more composed, and Mr. Irvin led his sightless partner to the sofa Anne occupied with great tenderness.

The mother and daughter embraced with tears of joy, as if they had never experienced greater, till Anne, extricating herself from her parent's arms, inquired eagerly what had become of Ishmael. "It is to the young gipsy's prompt and courageous assistance I stand indebted for my life."

Mr. Irvin instantly made inquiries after him, but learnt with regret that he had waited at the door till he heard Miss Irvin had recovered from her swoon, and had then returned to the encampment.

While the surgeon was holding a consultation with Mrs. Irvin and Anne as to the extent of the injury she had received, Mr. Irvin drew Fanny into the recess of the window and asked her how the accident had happened.

"We had enjoyed a delightful ride into the country," said

Fanny, "and after calling on several friends and pensioners of Anne's, we determined to return home over the common, and take a peep at the gipsy encampment. The proposal pleased Anne, and we trotted on, sometimes checking our horses to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, and chatting over the scenes of our early youth. As we descended the hill, at the bottom of the heath, a large Newfoundland dog sprung suddenly out of a clump of furze, and darted across the path in pursuit of a hare. The action was done with such velocity, that it startled Saladin, who set off at a furious speed, making towards the broken glen occupied by the gipsies and their cattle. For some minutes Anne kept her seat in the most heroic manner, till the high-spirited pony, becoming unmanageable, suddenly reared up and threw her with violence to the ground; but her habit catching in the buckles of the saddle, she would infallibly have lost her life, had it not been for the prompt assistance of Ishmael, who, leaping from behind a thicket, threw himself before the affrighted animal, and successfully stopped his progress, and lifted our dear friend, in a state of insensibility, from the ground. James and I had followed the course the pony had taken, with all the speed we could, and, on reaching the spot, we found Anne fainting on the bank, supported by Ishmael, who, considering his rude nurture, made a very tender nurse.

"When she recovered, on attempting to rise, we found she had sprained her right ankle so violently that she was unable to put it to the ground, but the dear sufferer was not a little grateful to find her bones unbroken. I would have sent home for the carriage, or to the town for a post-chaise, but this Anne would by no means agree to, fearing that so unusual a circumstance would not fail to alarm and hurry her mother, who you know is always the first in her thoughts. James shifted the side saddle on to his quiet nag, and mounting Saladin himself, with the assistance of Ishmael, we contrived to reach home in safety."

The surgeon dissipated Mr. Irvin's fears, by assuring him that, beyond the sprain and a few bruises, Miss Irvin had received no other injury, and he did not think it necessary for her to be banished to her own apartment, though she would be forced to confine herself for some days to the sofa.

Before the night closed in, Anne had recovered her usual flow of spirits, and was dispensing life and hilarity to all around her, and not only listened to Stanhope's relation of the distressed cir-

cumstances of the poor Musgraves with great interest, but formed many plans to enable Lucy to gain a comfortable livelihood, should Johnstone fail in his application to his father. As Miss Irvin retired directly the tea equipage was removed, Francis early took his leave, and satisfied the enquiries of his father, as to the manner in which he had spent the day.

Early the next morning Francis dispatched his valet, with a note, to the parsonage, to enquire after the health of Miss Irvin; and with the deepest regret he perused the vicar's answer, which informed him that she had passed a very bad night, and was too much indisposed to leave her chamber. Anne had exerted her spirits to dispel the fears of her friends; but those apprehensions were destined to be roused in a tenfold degree.

The violence of her fall, and the severe shock her nerves had received from the danger she had encountered, brought on a fever, and for some weeks her life was despaired of. Francis suffered the greatest mental uneasiness, during her long and dangerous illness. He had centred all his hopes and affections in this amiable girl, and the idea of losing her was attended by the most poignant grief. He was unremitting in his attentions, and never failed calling twice a day, at the parsonage, to ascertain the progress of her disease.

Mr. Irvin was shocked at the alteration in his young friend's person. Anxiety had robbed his cheeks of their bloom, and his eyes of their lustre; and his wasted form gave him more the appearance of a man who had just escaped from the close confinement of a sick chamber, than one who had been in the constant enjoyment of health and vigour. In spite of all his faults, the good vicar loved and regarded Francis as his son, and was deeply interested in the silent grief expressed by his look and manner, whenever he spoke of his daughter's illness. He was convinced that his attachment for Anne was deep and sincere, and that it was not unreturned by her; and he determined, if heaven should restore her to his prayers, he would no longer hesitate in accepting him for a son.

Francis found a solitary pleasure, during her illness, in visiting the gipsy encampment, and in hearing Ishmael recount Miss Irvin's accident; Florizel, too, was perfectly recovered from his wounds, and Francis handsomely rewarded the young man for the care he had taken of the little animal; but he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, when he considered the probability

of Anne never again beholding her favourite, and he had promised himself much pleasure in restoring him safe and well to his beloved mistress. The interest he had felt in Ishmael had almost amounted to attachment, since Miss Irvin's fall from her horse, and he daily conversed with him on the domestic comforts arising from a civilized state, and the rewards and punishments of a future existence. To the latter arguments Ishmael listened with deep and fixed attention, and would not unfrequently sigh, and pass his hand across his brow, as if oppressed with recollections of the most painful description.

After a long conversation, one evening, on the usual topics, Francis perceived that his repugnance to entering into service was occasioned by the idea of losing his liberty, and the ridicule which he anticipated from regular servants, who would not fail to treat him with insolence and contempt.

"I perceive, Ishmael," he said, "that you dislike the idea of becoming a regular domestic; but my father will grant you a small cottage, on our estate, on an easy rent, and I will engage to make interest with the neighbouring farmers to keep you in constant employ, when the severity of the weather hinders you from working in the pleasure-grounds. When once accustomed to the domestic endearments of home, you will no longer regret leaving your wandering mode of life, to gain an honest living by virtuous labour."

"What have I done, Mr. Stanhope," said Ishmael, with glistening eyes, "to deserve such kindness at your hands?—I saved the life of a dog, and you load me with favours."

"You preserved a life dearer to me than the possession of worlds!" returned Francis, with warmth. "What I offer you, Ishmael, is nothing to the debt of gratitude I feel I owe you. I love and value you, Ishmael!—would wish to have you ever near me, that I may never be tempted to forget the service you have rendered me."

"Mr. Stanhope, I would lay down my life to serve you!" returned the gipsy. "But I love the free range of the fields and woods, my own wild tribes and liberty; I cannot conform to the manners and ways of men in a more domesticated state; I should cease to depend upon the powers of my own mind—the strength of my own arm. At present I am fettered by no laws, I obey no master, and feel myself independent of others."

"I perceive," said Francis, "that you consider men in a civilized state as little superior to slaves."

"You are right," returned the gipsy, a sarcastic smile passing over his lip.

"Ishmael, you are mistaken. It is only those who are under the bondage of sin that can be reckoned so in a free country like this. My friend, you trust to your own sagacity to elude the vigilance of the laws. Commit crime, and justice will overtake you, though you were hid in the bosom of the wilderness." A bright glow dyed the swarthy countenance of the Egyptian, and mounted even to his brow. He remained silent for some time, as if in deep thought, till, raising his piercing eyes suddenly to the face of his companion, he said, "Yes, I will go with you, Mr. Stanhope; I will serve you with cheerfulness and fidelity. The struggle of natural feeling is over; I will bid adieu for ever to my wandering race. You have pointed out to me a better path—have revealed to me the knowledge of God, and the light of the Gospel. Till I knew you, Mr. Stanhope, I had no expectations in this world, no hope beyond the grave. I wandered on in darkness, like the beasts that perish, and my soul bent desponding towards the earth. Death robbed me of those I loved, and I deemed them lost for ever. You have dispelled this gloom; have called me to life and immortality; have taught me to pour forth my soul in humble prayers to her Creator: and may the blessings of that eternal power rest for ever on you and yours!"

The gipsy passed his hand before his eyes, and walked hastily away.

Francis was deeply affected. His heart beat high; he could have flung himself upon the breast of his dark convert, and wept upon his neck. For the first time he felt in his bosom that peace which the world cannot take away. He had redeemed a soul from the bondage of death, and turned a sinner from the error of his way; and he felt as if the blessing so solemnly pronounced by Ishmael was already upon him.

On his return home he was met by Johnston, with an open letter in his hand, and a face glowing with pleasure. Influenced by his usual gay and joyous feelings, he informed Francis that his application to his father had been successful, and that the delighted and grateful Musgraves were preparing for a speedy departure to London: that the subscription he had set on foot among his friends had answered beyond his expectations, and the sum collected had enabled the actor not only to pay his debts, but to defray the expenses of his journey to town.

Only one piece of information was wanting to complete Stanhope's happiness; and after bidding farewell to the actor and his family, and wishing them every comfort in their old situation, he bent his steps towards the parsonage, full of hope and excitation.

As he walked across the lawn, and strolled down the path he had known and loved from a boy, the death-bell smote upon his ear. That dull deep sound vibrating among the woods, fell upon his heart like the knell of all his hopes. His lips quivered; his knees trembled under him, a thick mist floated before his eyes, and leaning against one of the elms near him, he covered his face with his hands and wept long and bitterly. "Oh, Anne!" he mentally exclaimed, "if thou art indeed gone, what is there now left in this dark miserable world for me?"

From this painful reverie he was roused by a tap on the shoulder, and impatiently raising his eyes to meet those of Mr. Irvin, not dim with grief like his own, but sparkling with animation and pleasure, "Rejoice with me!" he said, "my girl is restored to me. The fever has taken a favourable turn, and she is, thank God! out of danger. Francis! what has happened to affect you thus? You are pale, and in tears." Francis replied by flinging himself into the good pastor's arms, and relieving his full heart on his bosom.

The sudden transition from grief to excessive joy was so great, that he with difficulty could command his feelings and accompany Mr. Irvin home.

In a few days Anne was so far convalescent as to be able to exchange the easy chair in her own chamber for the sofa by the parlour fire; and Francis, a constant attendant at her side, was now received by the amiable girl, and her whole family, as the favoured and accepted lover.

No one rejoiced more in Stanhope's happiness than Fanny Hill, whose generous disposition had been displayed in many instances during her friend's illness. She was the most tender and assiduous nurse: and Francis never beheld the white hand of Fanny administering medicine, or adjusting the pillow of the invalid, without regretting the harsh and undeserved criticism he had cast upon her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(*Continued from page* 194.)

NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE REGION OF MOUNT ATLAS, BARBARY, AND ZAHARA.

Morocco, or, as the Moors call it, Marráksh, the ancient capital of the empire, is now reduced, from a considerable population, to the limited number of thirty thousand persons. Without paying attention to the tradition which carries the computation of the inhabitants, in former ages, to several hundred thousand, a traveller has still the evidence of its pristine superiority in the extent of the walls, which must have occupied a circuit of seven miles, now covered with ruins, or converted into gardens. Nearly all the houses are built for defence, and the one which was allotted to Ali Bey looked more like a fortified castle, than the dwelling of a pacific inhabitant. Each house has a court-yard, with galleries, or corridors, all round, containing a number of long and narrow rooms; the mosques are very numerous, and several of them have considerable elegance of appearance. A large space is occupied by the palace, its gardens, its double mosque, and its square for the public audience of the Sultan; the circumference of the whole being not less than three miles. This city seems still to be on the decline, and will, in all probability, dwindle ere long into utter insignificance.

The city stands on a plain which abounds in corn, fruits, and all other necessaries of life; and is depastured by sheep, cattle, and a very superior breed of horses. At a distance this city has a beautiful and even romantic appearance, in consequence of the adjacent country being interspersed with groves of palm trees; and being terminated, in the back ground, by the towering and snow-topped mountains of Atlas. The lily of the valley, different kinds of iris, lupins, roses, jonquils, mignionette, jessamines, and many other of our garden flowers, grow wild in the country round Morocco; and, in the months of March and April, the air in the morning is strongly perfumed by their grateful and delicious

odours. The fruits are oranges, of the finest flavour imaginable, figs of various kinds, water and musk melons, apricots, peaches, grapes, pears, dates, plums, and pomegranates. The imperial palace faces Mount Atlas, and is built of hewn stone, ornamented with marble. The architecture of the principal gates is gothic, embellished with various ornaments in the Moorish style. The walls of some of the rooms are lined with filligre work, and others with glazed tiles. Three gardens are attached to the palace. Into them the emperor allows foreign merchants to pitch their tents, whenever they visit him; and in the third they have their audiences of business. Near the palace is the place of audience, an extensive quadrangle, walled in, but open to the sky; in this the emperor gives audience to his subjects, hears their complaints, and administers justice. In Morocco are many mosques. Two of them have lofty square towers, several stories high; and at the top of one of these towers are three golden balls, which, together, are said to weigh 1205 pounds avoirdupois. It is stated that several kings, when in want of money, have attempted to take them down, but without success, as they are firmly and artfully fixed. The inhabitants assert they are fixed by magic, and that a spirit guards them from injury. There is a tradition, that the wife of one of the princes of Morocco, desirous of ornamenting this temple, which was built by her husband, caused these globes to be made of the gold melted down from the jewels which the king gave her. The streets are mostly filled with the ruins of houses that have gone to decay; and in one part of it, inhabited by Jews, heaps of dung and filth are seen as high as the buildings. The houses swarm with vermin, particularly bugs; which, during the summer, almost cover the walls. Travellers are also much annoyed by scorpions: these are often found even in the beds, and the only mode of defence against them is to place the feet of the bedsteads in tubs or pans of water.

Taking our departure from Morocco, and proceeding for about 200 miles, still towards the north-east, we arrive at the city of Fez, or Fas, once the seat of a government independent of Morocco. This city stands upon gentle hills, except towards the centre, which is low, and in winter very wet and dirty. It is not so large a place as Morocco, but the buildings are more lofty and spacious, and it contains a greater number of inhabitants. Mr. Jackson computed them at 380,000; a number which

is cut down at once to the half by Ali Bey, and which is stated, since a late visitation of the plague, to amount to only 100,000. Were we to express an opinion, we should say, from the best consideration of the various accounts, that they in all probability never exceeded the last mentioned account; and that all statistical calculations under the Turkish or Moorish government are matters of mere conjecture, there being no public documents to correct the natural propensity to exaggeration. The streets of this ancient city are dark and narrow; the houses are built, as in the rest of Morocco, chiefly of earth, previously cut into squares, and stamped in wooden frames for the purpose. The principal public building is the mosque called El-Caroubin, which is large, and, for a Moorish structure, of considerable elegance; it has a covered place for such women as may choose to participate in the public prayers; a circumstance, says this traveller, which is unique, and peculiar to this building. Indeed, as the Prophet has assigned no place in this paradise to this sex, it seems but just that they should be exempted from the obligation of frequenting public prayers. In this city there are a great number of mosques, sanctuaries, and other public buildings. About fifty of them are sumptuous edifices, ornamented with a kind of marble procured from the Atlas mountains, and unknown in Europe.

Fez contains nearly 200 caravanseras, or inns. These are each three stories high, and contain fifty or a hundred apartments. As it is usual for travellers, in this country, to carry beds with them, the caravanseras furnish nothing for sleeping on except mats. If a traveller wants refreshment, he cannot in any of these order a meal; he must purchase it at a cook's shop, or procure it at a butcher's, and get it dressed himself.

In this city each trade or occupation has a separate department allotted to it. In one place are seen the shops occupied by notaries or scriveners, two in each shop; in another are stationers; in another, shoemakers; here is a fruit market—there are wax chandlers. Another part of the city is allotted to persons who fry meat, and who make a light kind of bread, called sfinge, fried in oil, and eaten in honey. In this city, after meat is slaughtered, it is sent to a public officer, who superintends the price of provisions, and who, after examining it, sets a price upon it on a piece of paper. This the seller shows to the people; and they purchase it at the rate affixed. There are in Fez sixty

criers, or itinerant auctioneers, who receive from the various shops pieces of cloth, linen, &c. and, going about the place, crying "who bids more?" sell the lots to the highest bidder.

Tangier, nearly opposite to Gibraltar, when viewed from the sea-side, presents a pretty regular aspect. Its amphitheatrical situation; its whitened houses; those of the consuls, which are regular; the walls surrounding the town; the ticassába, or the castle, built on a hill; and the bay, which is sufficiently spacious, and surrounded by hills, compose an interesting view; but as soon as we approach the inside of the town, the illusion ceases, and we find ourselves surrounded with every thing that characterises the most disgusting wretchedness.

Except the principal street, which is rather large, and which, from the gate on the sea, crosses the town in an irregular manner, from east to west, all the other streets are so crooked and narrow, that scarcely three persons can pass along them abreast. The houses are so low, that one may reach the tops of most of them with the hand. The roofs are all flat, and covered with plaster. Few of the houses have high tops. The dwellings of the consuls have decent windows; but in those of the inhabitants we only see a few, not above a foot square in size, or some loop-holes, an inch or two in width, and a foot high. In some parts the principal street is badly paved; the rest are abandoned to simple nature, with enormous rocks, which they have not even taken the pains to smooth.

The walls which surround the town are in a state of total decay. They have both round and square towers; and on the land side they are surrounded by a large ditch, which is also in ruins. Trees are planted on its sides; and it is bordered with kitchen gardens.

The subjects of this empire are slaves to an absolute despot, and strangers to the benefits of fixed laws, their only rule being the will of the emperor. Wherever this prince fixes his residence he distributes justice in person; for this purpose he generally holds a court twice, and sometimes four times a week, in a hall of audience, called M'Thoire. Here all complaints are addressed to him; every person has access; the emperor hears every individual, foreigners or natives, man or woman, rich or poor. Distinctions of rank have no influence, every person being entitled, without hindrance or embarrassment, to approach the common sovereign. Sentence is promptly pronounced, always with absolute and ultimate decision, and, for the most part, with justice.

The people, who are suspicious, cruel, and perfidious, respect no sort of obligations. Their universal aim is to pillage one another; no conscience, no social tie exists among them, and scarcely even any momentary feelings of affection. The father dreads the son, and the son detests the father. The pride and arrogance of the Moors is unparalleled; for though they live in the most deplorable state of ignorance, slavery, and barbarism, yet they consider themselves the first people in the world, and contemptuously term all others barbarians. Their sensuality knows no bounds; by the laws of the Koran, they are allowed four wives, and as many concubines as they can maintain; but such is their wretched depravity, that they indulge in the most unnatural and abominable propensities; in short, every vice that is disgraceful and degrading to human nature is to be found among them.

Colonel Keating, speaking of the Arab inhabitants of Morocco, acknowledges that malignity, acuteness, ferocity, and distrust, mark their countenances; and yet, he adds, "notwithstanding their ferocious habits, which, if they be truly depicted, are imposed upon them by their state of anarchical society, they carry hospitality to an extreme. Their warfare is carried on for many days at a time—probably is terminated only, like greater ones, by the want of ammunition; the cessation of the means, and not of the causes, is what draws it to a conclusion. In regard to their hospitality, our informants here acquaint us, that the arrival of a stranger amongst them, in the heat of their fiercest warfare, is a signal of truce; and that a white flag is hung out, and peace subsists, until he has passed through; whereupon the conflict is renewed."

The Moors entertain the loftiest ideas of themselves and their country. These half naked slaves style the Europeans agein, or barbarians. They are not altogether destitute of virtues. A Moor never abandons himself to despair; neither sufferings nor losses can extort from him a single murmur; to every event he submits, as decreed by the will of God, and habitually hopes for better times. The Moors admit of no distinction founded on birth; nothing except public office confers rank. Among the points of etiquette which prevail at the court of the princes of Morocco, a very singular one is quoted by the author whom we follow.* The word *death* is never uttered in the presence of the

* Malte Brun. Vol. IV.

Sultan. When it is unavoidable to mention to his sovereign the death of any person, it is expressed by such words as, "He has fulfilled his destiny;" on which the monarch gravely remarks, "God be merciful unto him." Another point of whimsical superstition is, that the numbers four and fifteen must not be mentioned in presence of the prince.

The great desert, called in Arabic Zahara, extends, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, from Egypt and Nubia to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the fort of Mount Atlas to the banks of the Niger. The great desert of the north-west of Africa seems to be a table land, little raised above the level of the sea, covered with moving sand, and here and there containing some rocky heights and some valleys, where the water collects and nourishes some thorny shrubs, ferns, and grass. The mountains near the shore of the Atlantic Ocean are in no continued chain, but only in detached peaks. Towards the interior they lose themselves in a plain covered with white and sharp pebbles.

The Moors or Arabs are, in general, a base and perfidious people, although individuals have been found among them distinguished for courage and other virtues. Cruel whenever they are possessed of power, treacherous, and faithless, they are strangers to every sentiment of humanity. Their wild aspect corresponds to their barbarous manners: even in their copper complexions, containing a mixture of red and black, there seems to be something that indicates badness of character.

Golberry, who has drawn this picture, saw their women in a more agreeable light, at least during youth. According to him they are handsome at that happy age; their features are fine, mild, and regular; their colour inclines to pale yellow, but fairer and clearer than that of the men. They live in tents; men, women, children, horses, camels, and other animals, being crowded promiscuously under the same cover.

Farther to the east, we know the tribes of the desert only by the Moroccan caravan, or akkabah, which travels every year to Timbuctoo. The akkabahs do not proceed in a straight line across the immense desert of Zahara, which would afford no practical road, but turn sometimes westward, according to the position of the different oases. These verdant lands, scattered over this vast desert, serve as places of rest and refreshment to the men and animals. So violent is the burning wind, called the samoom, or shoom, that the scorching heat often dries up the

water contained in the leathern bottles which the camels carry for the use of the merchants and the drivers. There was a monument here which, in the time of Leo Africanus, attested the deplorable state of a driver and a merchant, the one of whom sold his last cup of water to the other for ten drachms of gold. Both had perished. In 1805 an akkabah, consisting of 2000 persons, and 1800 camels, not finding water at the usual resting places, died of thirst, both men and animals. The vehemence of the burning wind, which, in these vast plains, raises and rolls before it the waves of red sand, makes the desert so much to resemble the stormy sea that the Arabs have given it the name of a dry sea. (Bahar billa maia). Possessing some knowledge of the positions of the stars, they use the polar star for direction, and often prefer travelling during the clear nights of these climates, rather than brave, during the heat of the day, the intense heat of a burning sun.

The akkabahs of Morocco take about 130 days to cross the desert, including the time occupied in resting at the different oases.

Being subject to a religious code which forbids the use of inebriating liquors, the merchants of the caravans know no other drink than water; dates and barley-meal serve them for food during a journey of many weeks across the desert. Their clothing is equally simple.

Fortified by this frugality, and sustained by the prospect of returning to their homes, they sing as they trudge along, to shorten the long hours of travel.

When they come near a few houses, or when their camels seem in danger of dropping down with fatigue, their songs acquire additional spirit and expression; their melody and sweetness restore animation to the toiling camels. At four in the evening they pitch their tents and join in prayer; to this act of devotion supper succeeds; then they sit down in a ring, converse and recite stories till their eyes are closed in sleep. The Arabic language becomes extremely agreeable in the mouths of the camel drivers; it is then equally soft, and more sonorous than the Italian: their particular dialect resembles the ancient language of the Alcoran, which for 1200 years had scarcely undergone any alteration.

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION;

OR,

"IS SHE AN HEIRESS, OR A BEGGAR?"

(*Continued from page* 213.)

"I see that my daughter cannot play this evening at all," said Mrs. Eustace, interposing.

"Not play! impossible! I have been making interest for her these two hours. Lady Caroline has neither ear nor science. Emma Pendulous and Mrs. Bellaise reserve themselves for exhibiting in a duet, and miss P. takes the harp, so that Louisa has a night."

"A right to sit still, which she earnestly desires."

"Ah! my dear ma'am, but that is not the way to do herself justice. She has a charming voice, and more men are caught by the ears than the eyes now-a-days."

Tears at this moment gushed into those of the wounded Louisa. "Men caught," said she to herself; "what can Mrs. Wilmington mean? she cannot surely suppose that I want to catch a husband. I wish I had never come here at all."

The poor girl was drawn from her own vexations by the entrance of company, which continued to pour in until the room became very full; and at length, to her astonishment and pleasure, appeared Sir Roger Forester, with two sons and his eldest daughter. It was found that the baronet was on his route for the south of France with his eldest son, whose health was extremely delicate; and hearing Mrs. Wilmington was "at home" to night, they had dropped in for half an hour, as the only pleasure circumstances permitted during their stay in London.

Sir Roger was now as kind and polite to Mrs. Eustace as he had ever been at at any period of his life, and his eldest son and daughter were equally affectionate to Louisa; but Edward (he who was wont to be more to her than all the rest of the family) kept quite aloof. He appeared grave almost to sadness; but whether he was altered by study, or estranged by caprice, she knew not: all she knew was a sense of increased trouble, and an earnest desire to escape from the many eyes still fixed upon her,

and the frequent whispers concerning her, which buzzed on every side.

Mrs. Wilmington now approached to say "that the young people were about to make up a quadrille," which Louisa heard with pleasure; as she could better hide her feelings in the bustle of motion than in her present situation; but the managing lady added in a whisper, "I know Lord Frederic Wiltshire means to ask you, but persist in refusing my dear; for as you have not taken lessons of D'Egville, it would be quite foolish for you to attempt dancing with the present set."

Louisa did as she was bid, but of course with increased mortification. Edward Forester did not dance, and for a short time he stood by her and his brother in conversation, but it was evident that he was ill at ease, and out of spirits; when, however, she mentioned, in her accustomed tone of confi dence t him, the true reason for her sitting still, the morbid expression of his countenance vanished, his eyes flashed with anger and contempt, and he declared her power of dancing better than any girl in the room, and that he would prove it, if she would dance with him in the next set.

This Louisa would not consent to, but his altered manners comforted her, and in the renewed spirits imparted by the presence of this family, she was afterwards induced to sing a Scotch ballad, which excited the most rapturous admiration, and so completely distanced her rivals, as to alarm poor Mrs. Wilmington exceedingly; for although she loved Louisa, she dreaded giving offence to others, and was under a necessity of perpetually trimming, lest she should lose one of "her five hundred friends." Mrs. Eustace relieved her by immediately withdrawing; in her opinion an act of great folly, since "she should have followed up the impression, as a prudent mother."

"Well!" said Louisa, "if this be London society, mama, commend me to country dinners in preference. People here seem to meet as a set of spies, or connoisseurs, or any thing, in short, but friends and neighbours. They have no affection, no sympathy, no interest:—if they talk or play, it is for display, not for amusement. Surely it would be better for us never to go into any more parties, for a single play is worth a hundred of them, the exhibition far more perfect, the recollection more amusing, besides escaping all personal mortification, of which I have had a plentiful share."

"I am much of your opinion, my dear. The public amusements of London are decidedly its greatest treat, yet there is occasionally society to be met here which we cannot find in the country, though we have pleasant meetings with our neighbours too."

"If we *love* people, surely that is every thing. I am certain the sight of Agnes Forester was worth every thing else to me."

Louisa blushed as she uttered these words, so deeply, that Mrs. Eustace feared that "more was felt than met the ear." She had hoped that new scenes had obliterated former impressions, provided such really existed in her daughter's mind; for the conduct of Sir Roger had told her decidedly that he was desirous of keeping their families asunder; and indeed she knew that it was necessary for his youngest son to marry a woman of fortune, the estates being all settled on the eldest. It was from an earnest desire of weaning Louisa from her predilections in favour of Edward, far more than any expectation of her making a permanent attachment, still less of procuring an establishment, that Mrs. Eustace so readily adopted her brother-in-law's ideas in thus showing her unportioned daughter the world. She well knew that many girls nurse an early passion in solitude, which becomes the ruling principle, and too frequently the great misfortune of their lives, which would never have been the case, had they moved in a more extended sphere of society, and learnt rather to exercise their judgments, than foster their wishes.

The following morning Mr. Eustace called upon them, and appeared much amused with Louisa's account of the party, though by no means pleased with her preference of public entertainments. He, however, facilitated her wished-for visit to the opera, and even proposed procuring her lessons in dancing from D'Egville, which Mrs. Eustace declined for her. "Louisa," she said, "had received lessons with Sir Roger's daughter, and was the best dancer in the little party; therefore there could be no doubt that she danced as well as she had any right to do."

"As to right—I suppose a woman cannot do a thing too well?"

"Pardon me, sir, if I say I think a woman may dance too well, unless she is a professor. Your niece is not intended for a ballet dancer, nor is she likely to be often in company like that she met last night?"

The old gentleman was silent. His pride rendered him desirous

of giving Louisa every advantage; but his natural closeness and reserve (aided, perhaps, by his avarice) prevented him from displaying his designs for the future respecting her daughter. During the time of his stay, several cards of invitation were delivered; all of which he insisted upon their accepting, except one, which went beyond the time of their stay, of which he spoke as if positively fixed. Whatever was required for their proper appearance he provided liberally.

From this time they were perpetually in society of the most genteel description, and Louisa was every where admired for her beauty, and beloved for the simplicity of her manners; and two lovers openly professed the passion she inspired, and paid her that attention so flattering, and often bewildering to the young. Never did Louisa, however, leave one party with unmixed satisfaction—either she had overheard some enquiries respecting herself or her mother, which were wounding to her honest pride and affection, or her dress and manners had been rudely scrutinized by aristocratic dignity, contemning her intrusion; or, she had been tempted to expenses, and ridiculed for prudence by those who had got an idea that she was immensely wealthy. Her heart did not incline to either of her lovers, yet she felt flattered by one who was the son of a profligate and needy duke; for he was a handsome young lord, and what girl would not like such a beau? and the other was a very elegant man, turned of thirty, whose manners were of the most insinuating description, yet they also appeared at times under the same kind of influence which affected so many others—they were always attentive to *her*, but not always so to her mother, which was an offence she felt it impossible to forgive.

Although these reflections arose from a review of every past evening, there were many, in which the buoyancy of young spirits, in the hour of hilarity, rendered Louisa as capable of enjoyment, or more so than any girl in the circle; and one evening when she had just finished a quadrille, which she had been dancing with Lord Frederic Wiltshire; she almost started with surprise, not unmixed with pain, on beholding Edward Forester, who had entered the room during the dance, and whose eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of sorrow not unmixed with anger.

For a moment Louisa felt offended with her old companion, "for what right had he to put so much severity in his looks when directed to her? she had done nothing of which she could be

ashamed, surely, in dancing with a nobleman who distinguished her?" Just then another of these whispers, so frequently galling, reached her ear—"Very lovely, indeed, and quite *comme il faut*; but you say her fortune is *equivocal*, in which case, I am certain, Lord Frederic mustnot—;" the rest was lost, but it brought down the soarings of her spirit, and made her look towards Edward, who now approached her with a softened expression.

After inquiries as to his brother, (whose health it appeared was rather injured than improved by his journey,) Louisa asked if he were come newly from Cambridge?

"I have not arrived more than a single hour, and I return by the first morning coach."

"Dear me! it was surely not worth while to come up for so short a time?"

"I think it was—I came to see you, and I must speak to you if possible to-night; my sister Agnes is not here, or she would have seen you before now on the subject."

Lord Frederic had cast vexatious, almost *menacing*, looks on Edward in the beginning of this speech, which were met on his part by calm unaltered ones; when he mentioned his sister, the lover professed, became more easy, and heard without much anxiety Louisa propose that Edward should return with her and her mother, and even add that she was willing to go immediately."

On arriving at home, Edward seemed as unequal to speaking either to Mrs. Eustace or her daughter, as he had appeared eager for the opportunity, and it was not till he had taken several turns in the drawing-room that he approached the latter, saying,

"Dear Mrs. Eustace, you cannot possibly think of giving your daughter to a gambler? Pardon me, I am too much agitated to be choice in terms. Louisa is said to be engaged; but, were she even at the altar, I must make an effort at any risk to save her from such a fate. Lord Frederick is a man with whom she ought not to form a sacred connection. I will repeat it to his face."

"Lord Frederic has not made Louisa an offer of marriage through me; therefore I am confident that she is not engaged to him. That he pays her attention is very true, and I do not blame a man who seeks to secure affection before he speaks to her friends."

"He is a pleasant man for a dance," said Louisa, "but affection is not so soon given by Louisa as some persons may perhaps suppose."

"It has been said that another gentleman, a Mr. Mortimer, but that I hold to be impossible. I will not therefore inquire if you have given *him* any encouragement?"

"I like Mr. Mortimer very much, he is the best companion I have found in London. You don't say *he* is a gamester."

"No, worse; far worse. Do not look at me, Louisa, as if I were a calumniator. I will not even ask you to believe me, though I confess I am interested in your marrying neither of these men. Ask your friend, Mrs. Wilmington, she will tell you (however she may gloss the matter with excuses) that the younger man is a regular frequenter of gaming-houses where he seeks to eke out the scanty allowance of his profligate father, by drawing in the unwary. She, too, knows, that the other is a villain, for he seduced the daughter of her friend. It was not for me, who have held you as a brother for years, to hear these wretches spoken of as suitors to you, and be calm. I have flown hither to tell you this, and I care little about consequences further than as they affect you."

"No bad consequences can arise, or were indeed likely to arise. Mr. Eustace was not a person to have sanctioned a marriage with either of these men, and without his conse nt."——

"Either would take her, for both believe her to be not the less an heiress. However, my task is done; it has been one of great suffering, more indeed than you can possibly understand at present. Farewell, I know not if we shall ever meet again." So saying, he rushed out of the room and the house with an impetuosity that bespoke extreme agitation, leaving both mother and daughter astonished and affected, for neither could avoid seeing that he was miserable almost to madness; but the cause appeared so inexplicable, that if they had not known his high principles and the regularity of his conduct, they would have thought him under the influence of wine.

The more they recollected Edward's manners, the more were they persuaded that, in addition to all he had revealed likely to cause perturbation, something remained behind deeply afflictive to his heart; and Louisa became aware that in all *his* sorrows she must sympathise. When she woke in the morning, the pageant of the preceding evening, together with the form of her handsome and noble partner, and his words of whispered compliments, faded away like a dream, and the disturbed features and broken voice of Edward Forester, alone occupied her mind. She was not

sorry to be called away from her thoughts by the bustle attendant on their departure; but she anxiously desired now to return to the country, where alone it seemed possible for her to discover to what he alluded, and to hide the deep sympathy for his unknown trouble, which oppressed her heart far more than any personal vexation had ever done.

When, however, she bade adieu to London, it was not without some regret, for it had undoubtedly given her pleasures she had highly relished, and an expansion of ideas which had enriched her mind, and opened sources of gratification in the books that she might read, or the characters she might investigate. On arriving at her humble home, perhaps this source of regret was increased, for she was absolutely surprised to find how much altered for the worse appeared every thing around her. Surely something had been done to the place, the rooms had grown so very little, the garden evidently contracted, and the furniture so very shabby. Mrs. Eustace reminded her that there was at least "peace and quietness," for which she had often lately sighed; but at present these qualities appeared rather like "ennui and dulness." She could not, however, bear to see her dear mother suffer from these remarks, and she therefore determined to make the best of every thing; but, when her packages arrived, with fine clothes enough to fill the cottage, she most heartily wished that she had the money they all cost, in order to render their present home more comfortable.

"In another week we shall find it comfortable, my dear; and, as you have luckily a purse, which at one time you would have deemed magnificently filled, you have still some pleasure in your power."

So Louisa thought herself, when her poor neighbour and their children came before her, none of whom went away without believing they had received a London present. Those who lay at a distance, the old and the sick, were not forgotten; and, when Louisa again walked over the meadows, and threaded the long lanes, where every thing seemed to welcome her as it burst into life and beauty, she again felt that the purest pleasures she could ever know were those of the heart. As all her rural acquaintance crowded around, the unaffected fondness with which they welcomed her, the power she possessed of obliging them, and the consciousness that her company was a treat to them, conspired to remove every lingering desire after gayer scenes; but she yet felt

the absence of the Forester family a great loss, especially as no information transpired on the subject of their present occupations or future movements, and she remained as much in the dark as ever as to the grief under which Edward was suffering when she last beheld him.

But on one subject she was enlightened, which was that Edward's acquisitions at college were such as to give him celebrity with those whose praise was valuable, and that his character in every respect was compatible with his learning and talent. The vicar, who with his wife and children, were now their principal companions, was, indeed, never weary of praising this young man, so that poor Louisa soon found the subject an all engrossing one to her thoughts, and by degrees recalling all the reminiscences of London itself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE REVOLUTIONARY VICTIMS.

In one of the prisons of Paris, among a multitude that expected their trial, during the Reign of Terror, was a young man of most interesting figure and countenance, named Duchesne, who was accompanied by his wife, an extremely young and beautiful woman. Happy that they were not separated in this dreadful moment, this young couple fully persuaded themselves that the same blow would release them from this life, and unite their souls in a better; and the sweet hope of a union that never could be dissolved, spread inexpressible charms even over the horrid scenes with which they were surrounded.

One day, while the youthful wife was walking in the court with the other prisoners, she heard her husband called to the outer gate of the prison. She comprehended that it was the signal of his death:—and she ran after him resolved to share his fate. The gaoler refused to let her pass. With unusual strength, arising from despair, she forced her way, threw herself into the arms of her husband, hung upon his neck, and with the most affecting cries besought them to suffer her to die with her husband. Being torn away by the guards, "Barbarians," she cried, "do you think you can compel me to live?" at the same moment she dashed her head violently against the gate of the prison, and in a few minutes expired!

THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

In Italy, the destiny of the women is far from being brilliant. A sentiment of contempt and distrust, makes the men pass from jealousy to indifference; they are misanthropes as long as love prevails, they become careless as soon as that passion forsakes them. Women do not easily yield to those capricious characters which do not understand how to employ milder, or more obliging forms, to manifest the sentiments by which they are alternately agitated. They return coldness with disdain, and tyranny with hatred. Those eager attentions which charm in the lover, are fatiguing in the husband; and they besides cover the secret object of exercising a vigilance which is equally troublesome and offensive. The husband no longer appears but in the character of a judge, and the more odious, as he is at the same time a party; and this first reflection leads to many others. Those ties which seemed so delightful when they were but the bond of friendship between equals, appear insupportable when considered as a yoke imposed by a master. Then the condition of women seems to be only a state of degradation and slavery. They seek some means which may render it supportable; they find some which may deliver them from it. The latter are preferred to the others, being authorised by example, and having almost the air of a triumph.—A nation in a state of servitude readily pardons those who seek to emancipate themselves from a legitimate authority, and is the more disposed to applaud them, as these domestic storms are an agreeable amusement in a country where all are sunk in inactivity. A blind and immutable necessity here fetters the existence of a lively and sensible people, who are condemned to relish to-day what they cursed yesterday. It is always the same way of life, the same kind of occupation, the same mode of passing the time.

> On s'eveille, on se leve, on s'habille, et l'on sort,
> On entre, on dine, on soupe, on se couche, et l'on dort.

Are you learned? The government forbids you to read, to write, or even to think. Are you a philanthropist? You see around you none but suffering, unhappy, miserable beings, whom you are not allowed to pity, and still less to relieve. Do you love society?

What hope is there of gratifying this noble inclination of civilized man, where they boast, as a model of social perfection, those useless beings, who, crowded together in a convent, do not cease to disturb the world which they have promised to renounce?

This slavery of thought afflicts men of talents, and tantalizes those of confined understandings. That society which does not improve, declines; for nothing is stationary on earth, and the obstacles which we meet with in going forwards, throw us very far backwards. This retrograde movement, impressed on the mind, is communicated to the heart; the morals decline with the understanding; and, in this general wreck, people are less eager to preserve their treasure, because they are solely intent on saving their lives.

I am, however, very far from subscribing to the unfavourable judgments which most travellers have passed on the women of Italy; the reproaches which they cast upon them appear to me to be but little merited, especially by the great mass, which is better than we should have a right to expect. But a traveller sees only the women who live differently from what is the custom in Italy. He judges of them as he sees them, and his portraits, without being destitute of some resemblance, are affected by the bad choice which he has made of his originals. He does not suspect, that those women who are the subjects of his pictures are themselves an exception among their own countrywomen, in whose eyes they are precisely what they must appear in those of a foreigner. How many are there, who, though caressed and applauded in great assemblies, would not venture to show themselves in those retired and tranquil meetings in which virtue and modesty preside over pure joys and innocent pleasures. Follow me without fear into the bosom of this family, which is assembled to celebrate the Sunday. Approach that respectable matron, whose heavy eyes scarcely open to recognize the features of an infant. It is her great-grandson, whom a young mother presents to her, that he may participate in the benediction of her grandmother. He is the first-fruit of a well-assorted marriage, the happiness of which seems not likely to be exposed to any interruption. You see around you three generations, all remarkable for astonishing fecundity; they suffice to themselves, and no stranger besides us has been invited to increase the number of the company. As soon as dinner is served, they take their places at the table without formality or etiquette; the repast is prolonged to a late hour of

the day; gaiety and abundance prevail, and leave nothing to be wished for. They eat much, and laugh more. The mind awakes during the entertainment, its inspirations are as free as spontaneous, and the voice of a poet finds echoes which reply to it on every side. There are no over-refined thoughts, no well turned couplets, nothing which indicates labour and constraint. A muse as light as sportive interrupts the noisy laugh of the guests by unpremeditated strains. Young and old, women and children, all group themselves like a chorus round the new Demodocus, and repeat together the *refrain* which the most learned of the assembly has prescribed. Long acclamations accompany the last accents of the poet, who yields his place to a rival, with whom he will afterwards engage in a poetical contest. We admire those talents which nature, rather than study, has formed; and which she delights in scattering among all ranks, like the flowers with which she enamels every meadow.

We pass into a dancing-room, well supplied with instruments, which all are eager to take up to amuse the company. In Italy there is hardly any merit in being a musician, as there is very little in showing a talent for poetry. In this fine climate, where nature is so animated and so smiling, the numerous objects, the sight of which exalts the imagination and ennobles the ideas, give to the inhabitants an almost general inclination to cultivate the fine arts, and nothing will ever be able to render this nation prosaic. Joy prompts the song, and both invite to the dance. All the house is in motion, and the domestics join in the pleasure of their masters. Step out into the anti-room, and a new picture will present itself to your view. A corpulent domestic, to the sound of the castanets, dances with strange grimaces the *tarantula* with the pretty nurse of his mistress. The lady comes herself, to relieve her from the burden of the infant, which is her chief and only amusement. She will seek no other when the fête is over, and her days will glide away in peace, amidst the care of her household, and attention to business. I dare hardly venture to say that she has any, after the just and seducing portrait which I have just drawn of her: this confession alone might make her lose a great part of the interest which she must have inspired. Who knows whether any one will deign to approach her counter, where she is sure to be found the remainder of the week? She assists her husband in a very lucrative trade in silks, of which they have a large warehouse in the city. Her manners are

unaffected, her dress modest, her behaviour reserved. She receives every body with affability; but, without being austere, she has something in her face which discourages the presumptuous, and represses the sentiments which her beauty inspires. When we leave her, we regret that a little coquetry does not heighten so many charms, and that she is ignorant of the effect of her smile, and the fascination of her eye.

I should be deceiving my readers, if I pretended to represent my fair dealer in silks as the general type of the Italian women. I merely wish to make him acquainted with those who fall the least under the observation of travellers, and who, as far as manners are concerned, are the most worthy of attracting their attention.

If we leave this sphere, we may make many exceptions, without doubt; but we no more find the busy and exemplary life, which is that of the middle classes in Italy; for, with more or less affluence and education, the families of the land-owners, the merchants, and those who exercise some liberal professions, live nearly as trades-people, without *éclat*, but secure from vice and remorse. It may be said, that corruption is confined to the two extremes of society—the nobility and the plebeians; and it is not difficult to discover the cause.

The lower class is without education, consequently without means to combat those evil propensities to which nature has condemned us.

The higher classes are wrought upon by other elements of corruption. The chains which obstruct the acquisition of knowledge by the men, bear more heavily on the women, whose early years are generally confided to the direction of priests and nuns. The consequences would be very fatal, were there not in the character of the Italian women an elasticity, which brings them back to social life the day after they have quitted the convent. These retreats, besides, are not subjected to too rigorous regulations; and a young lady is much more at liberty in them, than if she had remained under the paternal roof. They are permitted to receive their relations, and to converse with friends who have been presented. One part of the day is devoted to prayers, another to visits, which attract to these holy places all the idlers in the town. It is a kind of central point, where people meet to pass a few hours agreeably together.

An old nun receives you at the gate, addressing you with an

Ave Maria, which you may return, unless you prefer answering with a single *Buon giorno*. It is not necessary to mention your name; she has only seen you once; but she is much better acquainted with you than your most intimate friends; for nobody is more on the look-out after a man than a nun. I am not enough of a phrenologist to say what peculiarity there is in their heads; yet I could lay a wager, that there is an extraordinary bump unknown to Dr. Gall on these skulls, which are so devoid of ideas, but full of sagacity and memory.

If you have tolerably polished manners, or an agreeable volubility of speech, you will not escape the vigilant eye of the *Madre Badessa*, to whom notice will be given as soon as you appear at the grate. She is an amiable and sensible woman, whose only amusement is to chat with the visitors. You need not be under any restraint with her; the more piquant the anecdotes, the greater will be her pleasure in listening to them. You will be excused for the matter, if you are but careful with respect to the form. Above all, avoid using positive terms; they would only embarrass the conversation, by making it necessary to pretend not to understand you; whereas, with equivalent allusions, equivocal expressions, your meaning will be guessed without exciting alarm. Do not be more reserved towards the *Educande* than you have been with the abbess. Above all, take care to distribute your favours equally; for as soon as the gates of the convent are closed, they will assemble to communicate to each other all the gossip of the day; and woe be to you, if they perceive that you have been more generous to some than to others. Nothing alienates so much as partiality; and the circumspection which is often so necessary in the world, would only lead you into trouble in the convent.

It will doubtless be asked, what can induce parents to place their children in such insecure keeping? It is certain, that every other mode of education must appear to them to be preferable. But the inconveniences to which a young lady is exposed in the convent, though very serious in themselves, are not to be compared with the dangers to which she is liable in those immense hotels, which have the appearance of a bazar, rather than of a habitation.

The same crowd of idlers who were seen through the grate, converse without any such restraint in the drawing-rooms, and frequently find access into the most retired parts of the house.

A great lady has not time to look after her household; she could not at the most watch over her daughters better than the abbess. And then what a restraint would that be on a young mother, and what a fatigue for a woman in years! Many things must be renounced before she can take on herself the education of children:—how shall she see her friends, show herself in the public walks, attend the theatre, go to court, or ruin herself at the card-table? She has too much to do for herself, to be able to attend to others. A governess might certainly perform in a proper manner the duties of a mother; but in the greater part of Italy this profession is nearly unknown. It is the oldest of the *femmes-de-chambre*, graced with the title of duenna, who performs the functions of governess: and Heaven knows what she is capable of teaching her pupils. After all, the convent is still the best, and it is therefore preferred.*

It is thus that the life of a lady begins in Italy. Yet they enter the world rather spoiled than corrupted; and a prudent husband easily succeeds in inspiring them with noble and elevated sentiments, and they are very seldom deaf to the language of affection and friendship. A rare sensibility, an affectionate heart, a correct judgment, render them on the contrary very susceptible of reason and attachment. Madame de Staël, in the same assembly in which she makes *a prince of Amalfi dance with castanets*, has placed about a princess no less than four *cavalieri serventi*, who are beings no less imaginary than her Corinne. In general there is reason to distrust the judgments which women pass on their own sex; and it is to be regretted, that a person of such superior talents as Madame de Staël, was not sensible of the difficulty of giving an account of the manners of a country with which she was not acquainted.

In what town, for instance, did she hear a lady publicly confess that she could not write; and that to answer a note she was obliged to send for her man of business, who employed paper of the largest size, and the style of a lawyer? Thus, however, the illustrious traveller makes Corinne write, to assist in the justification of her countrywomen. If these are praises, we may judge what the blame must be!

This reproach of ignorance has lately been repeated by Lady

* Naples, Milan, and some other cities, have preserved some establishments for education nearly resembling those in France, and which, for this reason, meet with enemies in those who should be their protectors.

Morgan, who pretends, "that it is to a feeling of distrust, produced by want of instruction, that we must ascribe in a great measure the repugnance which the Italian women show in associating with those of other countries, and which has procured them the reputation of being unsociable and inhospitable.*"

Though the reputation of Lady Morgan is established, I will not leave her assertion unanswered. I am by no means inclined to exaggerate the literary merit of the ladies of Italy; however, as the point in question is to defend them against the sentence of ignorance passed on them by a female writer, I would not have declined proving to her, that no country, excepting perhaps France and England, has produced a greater number of literary women than Italy. Happily for me and for my readers this debt is paid, and I can refer to a work recently published by Madam Ginevra Canonici Fachini,† all those who may be curious to know the names and works of half a thousand learned women, born in different states of the Italian peninsula. Among these ladies, whose numbers are, I think, very respectable, there are, thank Heaven! many of our contemporaries, who are neither *unsociable* nor *inhospitable*, and *who do not associate with foreign ladies*, because, apparently, there are some who might be embarrassed how to answer them.

I believe that Lady Morgan would be sufficiently able to judge of La Fantastici, La Massei, La Bandettini, if a little more familiarity with the Italian language enabled her to follow their astonishing improvisations. She might habituate herself to it, by reading and admiring the beautiful verses of La Saluzzo, La Vordino, La Verza-Curtino, &c. or by studying the works of the Countess D'Albrizzi, and that of Madame Renièr-Michel, on the 'Origin of the Venetian Fête.' On the other hand, Sir C. Morgan might assist her in understanding the discourses of Madame Dalle Donne, who, by a singularity which is not to be found out of Italy, received the cap of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery in the University of Bologna, when Madame Clotilda Tambroni filled the chair of professor of the Greek language and literature. This latter lady had been the colleague of Madame Agnesi, who professed the mathematics, and the successor of Madame Bassi, who had initiated Spallanzani into the mysteries of nature.

* Italy, vol. iii. chap. 17.

† Prospetto Biographico delle Donne Italiane rinomate in Letturatura dal Secolo XIV. fine à giorni nostri. Venice, 1824. 8o.

I must have a very bad opinion of women, if I did not rely on the conversion of Lady Morgan. I regret even to have little hope of meeting her in Italy, whence we are both banished,—she for having said too much, and I for having done nothing. But for this I should have had the satisfaction of seeing the ingenious author of O'Donnel covered with shame and remorse, while she listened to Madame Dionigi discoursing on the Cyclopean walls, to Mesdames Fiorini and Grimaldi-Durazzo, announcing their discoveries in botany, and to Mesdames Amoretti and Noe-Canedi, with their brows covered with the doctoral laurel adjudged by the universities of Pavia and Bologna, gravely disserting on the code and jurisprudence. This is much more than ordinary knowledge—it is erudition; and one must be very unjust to venture to tax with ignorance the women of the only country in Europe which can boast of professors in petticoats and doctors in *douillettes*.

This, however, is not what I most wish for my country; it has more urgent and more imperious wants. A hand of iron has broken the bonds of society, without being able to reach the ties of domestic life. It is in vain that laws are made to forbid citizens to confide their pains, to communicate their hopes to each other; a mother will never be hindered from forming the hearts of her children, or a wife from raising the depressed courage of her husband.

Let them then take upon themselves this pious office, and exercise a salutary influence on these men who are much more unfortunate than guilty. The country which has produced Veturia, Cornelia, Clelia, and Porcia, cannot be barren in great characters. Let the languishing discourses of passion, the puerile exchange of vows, promises, and reproaches, be succeeded by a manly and energetic language, which may fortify the soul instead of enervating it, and render the Italians of our times worthy of the Italians of former ages. It is thus that the Italian ladies will silence their detractors. What a triumph will it be for them to have employed the power of their charms for the regeneration of their country! They will receive the noblest and most flattering reward. Instead of being surrounded with slaves, they will find themselves amidst a generation of heroes, who will dedicate to them the first fruits of their valour. Instead of an Abbe, with trembling steps and a hoarse voice, coming to declaim before them a ridiculous sonnet, we shall see a young warrior deposit at their feet the laurels he has gathered in the fields of victory. DE ANGELIS.

THE BROKEN HEART.

On the suppression of the civil war in favour of the House of Stuart, in the year 1745, many executions took place among those termed the rebel party; particularly of such persons as had enjoyed influence and command over the Highlanders, and under Prince Charles. Among the sufferers were nine gentlemen, who were put to death on Kennington Common, in the month of June, 1746. These were Messrs. Townly, Morgan, Deacon, Dawson, Berwick, (otherwise styled the Duke of Berwick,) Fletcher, Chadwick, Syddall, and Blood.

Our present subject leads us unwillingly to narrate some of the particulars connected with this cruel and horrid execution; being well assured that the effect produced upon at least *one* individual, will be considered as an undeniable, though melancholy proof, of that constancy and tenderness, which, in all ages, and under every circumstance, have never ceased to inhabit the bosoms of the fair sex.

Whilst the above-mentioned gentlemen lay in Newgate, a friend who came to take his leave of them, could not forbear, even with tears, to express his extreme concern for their approaching fate; but they all, with the greatest unconcern, bade him not grieve for them; for, that they were happy, having done nothing that they saw cause to repent of; for they would do the same again, had they the same opportunity.

On the evening previous to that on which they ceased to live, having taken leave of all their friends, they went to rest at the usual hour, and slept soundly. The next morning they were called up about six o'clock, and unloosed from the floor, to which they had been chained down, ever since sentence of death had been passed upon them. They ordered coffee to be got ready for breakfast as soon as they were brought down into the yard; after which their irons were knocked off.

When they were pinioned, the keeper of the prison put them into a back room for a short time, until the sledges were got ready. They were then put into three sledges, each drawn, by three horses, and were carried from the gaol, about ten o'clock, to Kennington Common, in the following order: first, a party of dragoons; next, a large party of the foot guards; then, the

three sledges; in the first of which were, Townly, Blood, Berwick, and the executioner, with a drawn scymitar; in the second, Morgan, Deacon, and Syddall; and in the third, Dawson, Fletcher, and Chadwick, surrounded by the foot-guards, who also brought up the rear.

A pile of fagots and a block were placed near the gallows; and while the prisoners were removing from the sledges into a cart drawn under the tree for that purpose, the fagots were set on fire, and the guards formed a circle round the place of execution.

The prisoners were not attended by any clergyman, either Protestant or Roman Catholic: but Mr. Morgan, with his spectacles on, read prayers to them out of a book of devotion; to which they all seemed very attentive; for they joined devoutly in all the responses and ejaculations. They continued thus above half an hour, and behaved with great resolution,—in a manner suitable to their unhappy circumstances; all of them seeming calm and composed, though none shed tears.

After they had finished their devotions, they all took some written papers out of the books which they held in their hands, and threw them, with their prayer-books, among the spectators. The contents of the papers were, "That they died in a just cause—that they did not repent of what they had done—that they doubted not but their deaths would be revenged; with several other expressions of a similar tendency. They likewise delivered papers, severally, to the sheriff; and then flung away their hats, six of which were laced with gold; all of them being genteelly dressed.

The executioner now pulled the caps out of their pockets, put them on, and drew them over their eyes, and they were then turned off. When they had been hanged about three minutes, the soldiers pulled off their shoes, white stockings, and breeches, and the executioner pulled off the rest of their clothes. He then cut down the body of Mr. Townly, and laid it on the block; but, observing some signs of life in it, he struck it several violent blows on the breast; then *taking out the bowels and the heart*, he threw them into the fire; and, afterwards, with a cleaver, severed the head from the body, and put both into a coffin. He next cut down Mr. Morgan, and afterwards all the rest, embowelling and beheading them one by one, in the same manner as he did Mr. Townly!

When the executioner had put the last heart, which was Mr. Dawson's, into the fire, he cried, "God save King George!" and the multitude of spectators gave a great shout. The heads and bodies were placed in coffins, and conveyed back on the sledges to the new gaol, in Southwark.

There was present at this execution the greatest number of spectators ever seen together in the memory of man; some thousands of whom had waited in the rain several hours to see the end of these unhappy men.

We now come to the narration of the most affecting part of this melancholy affair:—

A young lady of good family and handsome fortune, had, for some time, ardently loved, and had been equally beloved by, Mr. James Dawson; and, had he been either acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

It would be a painful task to attempt a description of what she must have suffered on sentence being passed upon him. There are none, except those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but who may easily conceive her agonies. The sad catastrophe, however, would be sufficient to convince any one of their sincerity.

Not all the persuasions of her kindred and friends could prevent her from going to the place of execution;—she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her; and accordingly she followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and by one female friend. She got so near the scaffold as to see the fire which was kindled to consume that heart which she knew to be so much devoted to herself. She also saw the other dreadful preparations for putting him and his companions to a cruel death, without any apparent emotion, and without being guilty of any of those extravagancies which her friends had apprehended; but, when all was over,—when poor Dawson was no more, and when she saw his heart torn out and dropped into the fire, she drew her head into the coach, and exclaimed, "My love, I follow thee—I follow thee: Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together." On uttering those words she fell on the neck of her companion, and expired!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY. 2 vols. 12mo. 1828.

This is a very agreeable history of those diminutive people called Fairies, a belief in whose existence was not long since universal. The author, with commendable industry, has collected from a variety of sources, every thing which relates to them in every country on the globe; and he has, at the same time, enlivened his work with legends of a very entertaining character. Some of these translations are from the Germans, and many are borrowed from the Italian, in which language are to be found the best colection of fairy tales every written. The following will amuse our aders.

"There was one time, in the city of Naples, an old man, miserably miserably poor. He was so wretched, so wrinkled, so big, so light, and without a single rag to cover his carcass, that he went as naked as a flea.

"Being now about to shake out the bags of life, he called to him his sons Oratiello and Pippo, and said to them, 'I am now called upon by the tenor of my bill to pay the debt I owe to nature; and, believe me, if you are Christians, that I should feel great pleasure at leaving this den of misery—this heap of woes, but that I leave you here behind me, a pair of miserable fellows, as big as St. Clara on the five roads of Melito without a single stitch on you, as clean as a barber's basin—as smooth as the face of a spring-well—as dry as a plum-stone; that you have not as much as would trip a fly; and were you to run a hundred miles, not an atom would drop from you, since my ill luck placed me where nothing good was to be got, and that, just as I am, they may put me down in their books; for I have all along, as you well know, made shifts and struggles, and gone to bed without a candle. Yet, for all that, I will, now that I am dying, leave you some token of my love. So do you, Oratiello, who are my first born, take that sieve that is hanging against the wall, with which you can earn your bread; and do you, who are the youngest, take the cat, and remember your daddy.' So saying, he began to whimper, and a little after said, 'God be with you; 'tis night.'

"Oratiello had his father buried by charity, and then took the sieve, and went riddling here and there, and every where, to gain a livelihood; and the more he riddled the more he earned. Pippo, taking his cat, said, 'Only see now what a pretty legacy my father has left me! I am not able to get what will support myself, and now I must shift for two. What is the good of this wretched inheritance? I am sure I should have been far better without it.'

"The cat, who was listening to this soliloquy, replied, "You are

grieving without any need; and you have more luck than sense: but you don't know your luck, for I am able to make you rich, if I set about it.' When Pippo heard this, he thanked his cat, and stroked her three or four times on the back, and warmly commended himself to her.

"The cat then took compassion on the unfortunate Gagliuso, and every morning, when the sun, with the bait of light put on his golden hook, fished for the shades of night, she betook herself, either to the shore of Chiaja or to the Fish-rock (Preta de lo Pesce), and catching a goodly turbot or a fine dory, she bagged it, and carried it to the king, and said, 'My Lord Gagliuso, your highness's most humble slave, sends you this fish with all reverence, and says, "To a great lord a small present."'

"The king, with a joyful countenance, as he always shows to those who bring him any thing, said to the cat, 'Tell this lord, whom I do not know, that I thank him most heartily.'

"The cat would, another time, run to where they were fowling in the marshes or fields, and when the fowlers had brought down a partridge or a quail, she caught it up and presented it to the king with the same message; and she practised this artifice, until one morning he said to her, 'I feel myself so much obliged to this Lord Gagliuso, that I am desirous to be acquainted with him, that I may make him an adequate return for the civilities he has shown me.' To this the cat replied, 'The desire of Lord Gagliuso is, to risk his life and blood for your highness's crown; and to-morrow morning, without fail, as soon as the sun has set fire to the stubble of the fields of air, he will come and pay his respects to you.'

"When the morning came, the cat set off to the king's, and said to him, 'Sire, my Lord Gagliuso sends to excuse himself for not coming; for this very night certain of his chamberlains are run away, and have not left him so much as a shirt.' When the king heard this, he instantly made them take out of his wardrobe a quantity of clothes and linen, and sent them to Gagliuso; and before two hours were gone he came to the palace, conducted by the cat, where he received a thousand compliments from the king, who made him sit beside him, and made a banquet for him that would amaze you.

"While they were eating, Gagliuso used from time to time to turn to the cat and say to her, 'My pet, let these four fingers be commended to you, that they may not go astray.' The cat used to answer, 'Be quiet, be quiet; don't be talking of these beggarly things.' The king wishing to know what it was, the cat made answer, that he was wishing for a small lemon, and the king instantly sent out to the garden for a basketful. But Gagliuso returned to the same tune, and the cat again told him to shut his mouth; and the king once more asked what was the matter, and the cat had another excuse ready to obviate the ignorance of Gagliuso.

"At last, when they had eaten and had chatted for some time of one thing or other, Gagliuso took leave, and the cat stayed with the king, describing the worth, and the genius, and the judgment of Gagliuso, and, above all, the great wealth he had in the plains of Rome and Lombardy, which well entitled him to marry into the family of a crowned king. The king asked what might be the amount of his fortune; and the cat replied, that no one could ever count the moveables, the immoveables, and the household furniture of this immensely rich man, who did not know what he had; and if the king wished to be informed of it, he had only to send people with him out of the kingdom, and he would prove to him that there was no wealth in the world equal to his.

"The king called for some trusty persons, and directed them to inform themselves minutely of this affair; and they followed the cat, who, as soon as they had passed the frontier of the kingdom, used, from time to time, under the pretext of providing refreshments for them on the road, to run on before them; and when she met a flock of sheep, a herd of cows, a troop of horses, a drove of pigs, she used to cry to the herdsmen and keepers, 'Ho! have a care! there's a troop of robbers coming to carry off every thing in the country. So if you wish to escape their fury, and to have your things respected, say they belong to Lord Gagliuso, and there will not a hair be touched.'

"She said the same at all the farm-houses that she met on the road; so that wherever the king's people came, they found the pipe tuned; for every thing they came across they were told belonged to Lord Gagliuso. So at last they were tired asking, and they went back to the king, telling him seas and mountains of the riches of Lord Gagliuso. The king, hearing this report, promised the cat a good drink if she would manage to bring the match about; and the cat, playing the shuttle between them, at last concluded the marriage. So Gagliuso came, and the king gave him his daughter and a large portion.

"At the end of a month of festivities Gagliuso said he wished to take his bride to his estates. The king accompanied them as far as the frontiers, and he went to Lombardy, where, by the cat's advice, he purchased a number of lands and territories, and became a baron.

"Gagliuso, now seeing himself so extremely rich, thanked the cat more than one can express, saying, 'that he owed his life and his greatness to her good offices; and that the ingenuity of a cat had done more for him than the skill of his father, and that she might dispose of his life and property as she pleased, and spend it as she liked; and he gave her his word that when she died, which he prayed would not be for a hundred years, he would have her embalmed and put into a golden coffin, and set in his own chamber, that her memory might be always before his eyes.'

"The cat listened to these lavish professions, and before three days she

pretended to be dead, and stretched herself at her full length in the garden. Gagliuso's wife saw her, and cried out, 'O husband, what a sad misfortune! the cat is dead!' 'Devil die with her!' said Gagliuso, 'it is better it should be her than us!' 'What shall we do with her,' replied the wife? 'Take her by the leg,' said he, 'and fling her out of the window.'

"The cat, who heard this ill return when she least expected it, began then to say, "This is the fine return you make for my taking the fleas off you! this is the thanks I get for freeing you from the rags, that you might have hung distaffs from! this is my reward for having put good clothes on your back, and got you food when you were a poor starved, miserable, tatter-breechesed blackguard.

"'This is the fate of any one who washes an ass's head. Go! a curse upon all I have done for you! you are not worth spitting in the face. A fine golden coffin you had prepared for me! A fine funeral you were going to give me! Go now! serve, labour, toil, sweat, to get this fine reward! Unhappy is he who does a good deed in hopes of a return! Well was it said by the philosopher, "he who lies down an ass, an ass he finds himself." Finally who does most should expect least. But good words and ill deeds deceive alike both wise and fools.'

"So saying, she threw her cloak about her, and took to the road; and all that Gagliuso with the utmost humility could do to soothe her was to no purpose: she would not return, but ran on still without ever turning her head about, and saying,

'God protect you from a rich man grown poor,
And from a beggar who of wealth has got store.'

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE, from the Restoration of Charles the Second, to the French Revolution. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. 1828, 8vo.

It is somewhat remarkable that two nations divided only by a narrow strait, and so long and so intimately connected, should continue essentially dissimilar. The social habits of the French and English people have always been unlike; and the author of the volume on our table has very ably and very pleasingly traced their progress in both countries for a considerable period, while he has in some measure accounted for the mutations which social life has undergone. The taste, manners, and literature of England at the time of the restoration, he considers to have been inferior to those of France.

Our social habits had not much improved at the time of the revolution. 'Great societies of persons in private houses on set days, or by invitation, since distinguished by the names of routs, drums, or assemblies, had not yet commenced; nor were balls an entertainment given by individuals

except at the great holidays of the church, and on occasion of marriages. This ceremony was conducted in a very different manner from what the delicacy of later times has prescribed. The bride and bridegroom then were, or were supposed to be, among the gayest of their gay associates, collected to witness their happiness. No retirement carried them away from the immediate congratulations of their friends; and a series of dinners, with every member of the families on both sides, followed directly the wedding-day, and kept them in a course of festivities which, to many couples, must have been a bad introduction to the sober dulness of their ensuing life."

Public amusements were then coarse and unintellectual. "The fairs held periodically in and about London, and the theatres, sights, and shows exhibited at them, were then frequently visited by all the best company of London. Lady Russel mentions her sister Lady Northumberland and Lady Shaftesbury returning from Bartholomew fair, loaded with fairings for herself and children. May-fair was just about this time established. It commenced on the 1st of May, and continued for fifteen days afterwards. It was held by a grant from James the Second, for the benefit of Henry Lord Dover and his heirs for ever. But it soon became such a resort for the idle, the dissipated, and the profligate, that it was presented as a public nuisance in the reign of Queen Anne, 1708, and finally abolished the next year."

Since then we need not say that there has been a great change for the better; but, for the causes which have produced so desirable a consummation, we are referred to a subsequent volume, the publication of which depends upon the reception which the one before us meets with. We cannot suppose that it will be otherwise than encouraging. The work is full of anecdote; and pleasingly written.

THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR IN DALKEITH. Written by himself. 1828. 12mo.

Fragments of this curious memoir appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine; and the great merit of the production has led to its appearance in its present and more permanent form. Those who can master the Scottish *brogue*, in which it is written, will find in it a fund of entertainment. Some of the episodes are delightfully written; and though the humour is purposely low, there is a raciness about it which amply atones for its occasional vulgarity. The work has been attributed to the Rev. Mr. Dale, who uses the signature of *Delta* in 'Blackwood's Magazine;' but we have reason to think that a Mr. Moir is the author.

TALES AND LEGENDS. By the Authors of "The Odd Volume," &c. post 8vo. 3 vols.

These tales and legends are the productions of two fair sisters, natives

of Scotland; and the promise which their "Odd Volume" held out, has been more than realised in the work before us. The tales are very amusing, and the legends are equally excellent. "The Old Block of Wood" is a most interesting picture of humble life in Scotland; and "Number Nip" possesses all the wild humour of the original. We would gladly give extracts, were we not persuaded that there are few of our fair readers who will not consult the work itself.

COSTANCA, a Poem. By W. H. Merle, Esq. 8vo. 1828.

This, we believe, is Mr. Merle's first production; and we trust it will not be his last. At a time when the press teems with unmeaning sonnets, and "tales in rhyme," it is a source of no small satisfaction to meet with a poem which reminds us of the better days of English poetry, when strength was united with fancy, and when high imaginative powers were employed on productions written for posterity, and not for ephemeral notoriety. Such a poem is "Costança." Mr. Merle has endeavoured to preserve the harmony of rhyme, without losing the powerful and continued flow of blank verse; and we have to congratulate him on his success. The poem abounds with passages of great force and beauty; and the thoughts are poetical, and the subject one of deep interest.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS. By J. C. Lockhart, LL.B. 8vo. 1828.

The enthusiasm with which the name of Burns has been cherished by his countrymen is highly creditable to their taste and patriotism. Their industry has left nothing respecting his life or works untold; and the present work, by the Editor of the "Quarterly Review," consists almost entirely of extracts from the labours of former biographers. A mind like Mr. Lockhart's, however, could not touch upon such a subject without embellishing it; he is well qualified to do justice to the memory of the poet: and though he acknowledges the force of national partiality, he has justly appreciated the merit of the first of Scottish bards. Burns was an original genius—perhaps the greatest poetical genius that Scotland ever produced; but still the vulgarity of his original occupations prevented him from catching those graces of refinement which impart a charm to modern poetry. While he confines himself to descriptions of rustic life, in rustic language, he is natural—inimitable; but when he attempts any thing of a higher character, he fails. In the few pieces which he wrote in pure English, there is an evident want of polish, a vulgarity not only in the language but in the sentiments; and, from what he has done in this way, we are not inclined to regret that nearly all his productions were written in the rustic dialect of his native country.

Some aspersions have been thrown upon the moral character of Burns; but his intemperance has been much exaggerated. "That Burns," says Mr. Lockhart, "dissipated enough long ere he went to Dumfries, became

still more dissipated in a town, than he had been in the country, is certain. It may also be true, that his wife had her own particular causes, sometimes, for dissatisfaction. But that Burns ever sunk into a toper—that he ever was addicted to solitary drinking—that his bottle ever interfered with his discharge of his duties as an exciseman—or that, in spite of some transitory follies, he ever ceased to be a most affectionate husband—all these charges have been insinuated—and they are all false. His intemperance was, as Heron says, in *fits*; his aberrations of all kinds were occasional, not systematic; they were all to himself the sources of exquisite misery in the retrospect; they were the aberrations of a man whose moral sense was never deadened, of one who encountered more temptations, from without and from within, than the immense majority of mankind, far from having to contend against, are even able to imagine;—of one, finally, who prayed for pardon, where alone effectual pardon could be found;—and who died ere he had reached that term of life up to which the passions of many, who, their moral career being regarded as a whole, are honoured as among the most virtuous of mankind, have proved too strong for the control of reason. We have already seen that the poet was careful of decorum in all things, during the brief space of his prosperity at Ellisland, and that he became less so on many points, as the prospects of his farming speculation darkened around him. It seems to be equally certain, that he entertained high hopes of promotion in the excise, at the period of his removal to Dumfries; and that the comparative recklessness of his latter conduct there, was consequent on a certain overclouding of these professional expectations."

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Early in May will be published, by V. Elkins, Marriage; an Essay, by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Dunraven.

Victoria, or the Male Coquette and the Dupe, which has been some time announced, is on the eve of publicatiou.

Since our last the Society of British Artists have opened their splendid suite of galleries in Suffolk Street, and certainly offer to the public a much better exhibition than they have ever yet been able to present. Their fanciful and humorous pictures (always the most attractive parts) are numerous, and of a high character. The best are by Pidding. His "Massa out, Sambo werry dry," is one of infinite humour; and his "Dangerous Curiosity," and "The Last Sitting," are not less admirable. Mr. Holmes has a very clever and beautiful picture in his best style of finishing, showing the accident of an Italian image boy in capital style. There is also a Damon and Pythias, by Turner, of much merit: several scenes from Sir Walter's novels, by Miss Beaumont, and a monkey, by Lance, of decided ability. R. B. Davies has a very amusing picture of children playing soldiers; and "The Enthusiast," by Theodore Lane,

showing an old gouty disciple of Isaac Walton's pursuing his favourite amusement in a tub, would really tickle a trout with laughter.

—In landscape this society has always been rich: in this department their strength hitherto consisted almost exclusively, and therefore we are glad in the present year to perceive an improvement in other walks of art. Linton has a gorgeous classical landscape, showing us Carthage in its young beauty, rising like a "City of Palaces," the future rival of the world's mistress. A moonlight, by Hofland (also composition) is the very happiest of his efforts in showing "the silver queen of night," as it unites that truth for which he is celebrated, with the higher art required in Grecian landscape. Stanfield has several fine pictures, but none equal to that now in the British Gallery. Wilson has some fine coast scenes, so has Hofland, Dean, Linton, and others; we think, indeed, there are too many of this class. Glover has covered canvass without end: his largest picture is poor, his smallest rich, (in a double sense, as they are all sold.) He has one of an intermediate size, with a beautiful ray of light gleaming across it, which surpasses the rest infinitely. In fruit, Lance equals Verelst, and in dead game Stevens surpasses Lance—at least there is a peacock's tail so painted as to surpass what the hand of man ever did yet, for it may be closely investigated an hour together without the spectator knowing whether it is painted or formed of feathers. In portraiture there is great improvement, and room for still more. Mr. Lonsdale has many likenesses, and one sweet fancy picture, a mother and child. His portrait of Mr. Brougham, showing the orator in the act of speaking, is very attractive, (by the way, this gentleman's son has a highly finished, well-conceived picture of Hudibras, which ought to have been mentioned sooner.) The portrait of M. Nugent, Esq. by Mr. Simpson, has been exceedingly admired, and obtained the artist many sitters already. Mr. F. Meyer's portrait of Mrs. Raymus, and that of Mr. Richardson, show this young artist to great advantage. We were also much pleased with the portrait of a young lady by C. R. Parker, (an American artist, the keeper informed us,) it is a very lovely subject, well painted, but not well hung. There is a spirited portrait of a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, of highly intelligent countenance, entitled, "The Author of Peak Scenery," which is the work of an artist of promise, but he has here wedged his subject into the fissure of a rock most unfeelingly.

Mr. Roberts and —— Harriott, Esq. (an amateur painterof considerable talent,) have many delightful church and street pictures, which being distinct from landscapes, we did not put in that class. The room appropriated to miniatures and water-colour drawings, &c. is very well filled. We noticed two admirable portrait drawings here, by Meyer, who is President of the Society this year. Mrs. James Robertson is particularly successful in her miniatures. Indeed this room well merits a separate notice, and shall have it, if possible, in our next.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR MAY, 1828.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of celestial-blue taffety, made very plain, with a bias fold round the border of the skirt, finished at the head with points *a la Vandyck*, edged round with narrow rouleaux. A mantle is worn over this dress of Navarino smoke-colour; the material of which it is composed, sarcenet: this cloak is lined with cherry-colour, and has a very broad cape, finished by a black blond, of a very splendid pattern. The hat is of satin, of a French white, ornamented with blond, and puffs of yellow and cherry-coloured riband. A *mentonniere* fastens the hat under the chin; and the cape of the cloak is surmounted by a French ruff of lace or of blond.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of amber taffety, with a full puckering at the border, headed by a rich silk cordon. The body made plain, with a collar *en paladin*, round the breast and back, edged with blond, and a narrow tucker of blond surmounts the collar, the dress being made low. The sleeves short and full. The hair arranged short at the ears and high on the summit of the head where three loops of hair form the Apollo knot, at the base of which is a splendid coronet ornament of pearls and rubies, set *a l' antique*, in fillagree gold. Two bird of Paradise plumes crown the head, and fall over, archwise, on each side. Necklace of large pearls, with a superb convent cross, and pear-pearl ear-rings.

HEAD DRESS.

THERE is a considerable degree of taste and elegance in the fashionable head-dress as now worn. The front hair is dressed very full, in light curls, the braid considerably elevated, and usually arranged in three or four bows, rising above the front hair. As we predicted in our last, feathers are now decidedly in favour; they are placed between the bows rising above them, and leaving an opening in the lower part of the head-dress for a gold ornamental comb, or a sprig of diamonds, either of which may be introduced with considerable effect. Invented by I. Colley, 28, Bishopsgate Within.

Walking & Evening Dresses for May. 1828.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward St. Portman Sqre.

Pubd 1st May 1828 by Thomas Robins & Co. London & Dublin.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Though, at the commencement of May, the country possesses much attraction to the lover of nature, yet it is the time when our metropolis is most full of those who rank highest amongst Fashion's votaries. Our senate brings together all the great and wise; their families accompany them, to share in the triumphs accorded to their energetic patriotism, and to partake of the amusements London holds out, in varied succession, at this period: the exhibitions, the various morning promenades, employ the early part of the day; dinner parties, routs, the Italian Opera, and the other theatres fill up the evenings; and the long line of splendid equipages in Hyde Park, are each occupied by

——— "Bevies of fair women,
Richly dress'd."

The latter end of April was damp, often chill, and rendered unpleasant by easterly winds; in one of our engravings, which represents a dress worn by a female of distinguished fashion, it will be seen that, then, the mantle was not lain aside; and that it was appropriated, not only to the carriage, but also to the promenade: yet these spring cloaks were not wadded, and were often of slight materials, such as *gros des Indes*, or sarcenet; blond trimmings, too, being introduced on the capes and collars, gave a lightness to this convenient envelope. The summer pelisses have, already, however, partially made their appearance; they are mere pelisse robes, open in front, and discovering a richly embroidered muslin dress or petticoat. Thibet shawls, and shawl scarfs of Indian silk or cachemire, form the other chief articles in out-door costume.

For social parties, whether at dinner, or in the evening, the dresses consist of silks, chiefly gros de Naples, or tabinets, of chastened, and sometimes rather dark colours, such as milk-chocolate, corn-flower blue, Navarino-smoke, and violet; these dresses are made low, and the body is most fashionable when *a la Vierge*. The sleeves of white *crepe-aerophane*, long, and confined at the wrists by two gold bracelets on each; these are clasped by magnificent brooches of jewels, Agate, Onyx, or Turquoise stones. The borders of dresses are sometimes trimmed with flounces, sometimes with bias folds; but it is thought that the most prevailing mode this summer will be one very deep flounce. Young ladies are often seen at evening parties, in a dress of very clear muslin, trimmed at the border with four bias folds; this is worn over a pink satin slip, and forms

a very suitable dress to the young and blooming: such a costume is sometimes seen at balls, particularly at those quadrille parties among select friends, where much dress is not required. The waists of all dresses are long, and the skirt plaited of an equal fulness all round the waist: many wear sleeves *a la Marie*, which is but a fashion revived, in vogue about seven years back; the fulness of these sleeves is generally confined in two or three divisions up the arm, of narrow bands, of the same material as the dress. The waists are pointed at the base, in front.

We are happy to observe a very *sensible* diminution in the height of the head dresses in hair; indeed we find the term well applied; for their late towering height argued only that of ridicule and folly: the hair is now arranged in a moderate and elegant way, adapted to the display of its own native beauty. It is now brought on the summit of the head, in graceful curls, and those next the face are much diminished in size, and are disposed in the most graceful and becoming manner. Such a natural charm requires no ornament; in half-dress, therefore, it is most elegant in its own native simplicity; at evening parties, splendid diadem ornaments in pearls, or brilliants, generally finish this attractive head-dress; and these ornaments are placed very backward, near the base of the Apollo knot, which, from being less elevated, is not so much seen in front as it was the two last months, but is drawn more towards the back of the head, *a la Sappho*. White dress hats of crape or gros de Naples, with white plumage of very long feathers, are much admired for Opera hats. The caps for home costumes are very elegant and becoming; they are of blond net, profusely trimmed with coloured gauze, the puffs of which are all edged round with narrow blond; the hair, with these caps, requires to be very well arranged, as this kind of cap should be placed very backward. Caps for the theatre are of white and coloured gauze, ornamented with rouleaux of satin and flowers.

The hats still continue immensely large, and their brims are extended, and flying off the face; we had hoped, but those hopes do not seem likely to be realized, that our fair countrywomen would be weary of so long disfiguring themselves. The present fashionable bonnets, though very large, look somewhat better than the hats, because they are generally tied down. It is expected that bonnets of silk and satin, in preference to either straw or leghorn, will prevail most this summer; but on that head there is nothing yet determined. We have seen but one bonnet of leghorn,

as yet; it was worn by a very young lady; of a perfectly novel form, though somewhat in the village shape, and it was lightly and elegantly trimmed with pink riband. The present spring bonnets are of light-coloured *gros des Indes*, or gros de Naples; and for the carriage are adorned with every kind of flower, both indigenous and exotic; many of these charming treasures of Flora are made of feathers. Very few of these bonnets have blond at the edge, but there is often a profusion of that costly material employed in trimming the ornaments on the crown, which are often of crape aerophane or gauze. The bonnets for walking are of gros de Naples, of rather dark colours, but enlivened by being trimmed with very broad ribands, with satin stripes, of the most cheerful and striking colours; they are generally lined with satin, the colour most conspicuous and prevalent in the riband.

The colours most in request are violet, milk-chocolate, puce-colour, corn-flower-blue, pink, and lavender-grey.

MODES DE PARIS.

The most novel hats are somewhat improved in shape, and diminished in size; one has appeared ornamented with green sprigs of box, and red fancy flowers; the bows and strings were of gauze ribands, on which were painted Indian figures. The hat, so becoming to a youthful face, called the *reaper's hat*, is likely to prevail this summer; these are very appropriately ornamented with field-flowers and ears of corn. Hats of white chip are ornamented with corn-poppies and green branches of the weeping willow: those of pink crape with the *mimosa*, and straw with Persian roses.

A white crape hat has been seen, ornamented with an exotic flower, forming a tuft, surmounted by an aigrette of leaves, with six large stalks, which had all the flexibility of feathers. The crowns of all the hats are very low, and the brims are very *évasées*.

Dresses of gros de Naples are much in favour; they are plaited all round at the waist in an equal fulness; they are figured or plain, according to fancy. Arabic botiste is another favourite article for dresses; the shades and patterns of this material are perfectly accordant to the shawls of Persia. Indian chintzes, and muslins of one colour, on which are printed feathers, are among the novelties for *demi parure*. The long sleeves of dresses are *a la Marie*, and are separated by two or three bands. When a dress is trimmed at the border by a broad bias fold, it is generally headed by some little accessories, analogous to the trimmings on the gown. Several high dresses are made with a pe-

lerine of the same, which serves as a fashionable out-door costume; at the promenades, the petticoats are worn very short, discovering very elegantly made half-boots, which are expected to be much in request this summer. Blue dresses of cachemire, with white sleeves, form a very favourite costume; as does a sarcenet gown, the colour Navarino-ashes, with white sleeves. These slight silks, with white grounds, or of steam-yellow, figured over in very whimsical patterns, are expected to prevail much this season. A *colerette*, laid in innumerable small plaits, falls over the throat or breast of these dresses. Gowns of poplin or gros des Indes have the corsage made *a la Grecque*, with a pelerine of plain tulle, bordered with broad lace.

At Longchamp, and other public walks, were, and are still, seen, what are called *summer bows*. We scarce know how to describe this novelty; but it is like a large sheath, or scabbard of tulle, cut at the edges, in very sharp and distinct notches: the points of these are brought together, and form a lozenge-diamond; from each of which issues a puff of very broad riband. About the middle of April, however, cachemere shawls, mantles, and even fur tippets, were worn in out-door costume. Pelisses are of gros de Naples, of light colours, and are, at present, in high favour with the Parisian ladies of real fashion. They either fasten down the front of the skirt by bows, or by buckles of a gothic kind. The most elegant are buttoned on one side, by small straps, each fastened by a gold button. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, and confined by separate bands. On that next the wrist, is a row of straps, each fastened down by a gold button.

Small dress caps are of white and pink, with arcades formed of satin rouleaux; and as many flowers above as there are beneath them. These caps are placed very backward, particularly from the temples. The hair, when arranged in the Grecian style, is often surrounded by a circlet of gold. At the base of three very high puffs of hair, was seen an arrow of gold, which crossed over in an oblique direction; the head of this arrow was a very fine cameo, set in a heart. Dress hats are of white crape, with elegant plumage; the feathers often white, tipped with pink or ponçeau: the *bérets* and turbans have experienced no change since last month.

The most admired colours are purple, blue, rose-colour, yellow, brown, of every shade, green, and lilac.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

To P———

———

There are that hate the peaceful shades of life,
The solitary vale, and glen obscure;
That court the haunts of fashionable strife,
And love to lave their lips in streams impure
That issue from the fount of folly;—rife
With wild intoxications that allure
To Vice's feathered couch, where snakes lie hid
Amongst the roses that bestrew the bed.

There are that love those peaceful shades and scenes,
Far from the tumults of a vapid race;
Where 'mid the vale retired the spirit gleams
A placid pleasure from sweet Nature's face;
While Contemplation, in fond thinking, leans
Her pale hand on the forest-monarch's base,
Gazing with meditative wonder round,
On all the beauties that inlay the ground.

O! it is sweet to rove the woodland plain,
To penetrate the mysteries that veil
In Nature's darkest labyrinths,—and to reign
The Hermit-king of Solitude;—the scale
Of Providence to trace,—and search the vein
Of rich creation,—forest, hill, and dale;
Piercing the secrets of an unknown power,
And wresting mysteries from the meanest flower!

For oh! the simple heath-bell, in its bloom
And pride of purple beauty, hath a voice
That breathes in accents of a hushed perfume
Secrets of potency, that bid rejoice

The doubting heart, clearing it from the gloom
Instilled by worldly prejudice, and ties
Enforced by sceptic doubt;—telling a tale
Of heavenly happiness that shall prevail!

This far I guess that there hath fallen a chill
On the hope-nourished passion flower that grew
So sweetly in your heart, and that the thrill
Of disappointment hath scorched up the dew
Of genial Hope; but this is all, for still
Something lies hid within the devious clue
Which is not clearly stated; but I hope
The now-shut gates of joy will quickly ope.

I cannot think, I must not, will not think
That you are doomed to lead the selfish life
Of one unloved, unloving; that the link
Of bliss most perfect should be rent in strife
Ne'er to be re-united! Love may shrink
A moment's space, when doubts and fears are rife,
But dies not where it once hath budded: No!
Believe me, *your's* will yet in sunshine blow.

Blush not, dear youth! that you should love to make
The midnight moon and all her ample train
Of constellations bright, that ne'er forsake
Their glorious queen, witnesses of the pain
(Mingled with joy) that your fond bosom shake;
Or that, when night extends her sable chain,
You love to wander o'er the desert waste,
Gleaning 'mid lonely wilds, a pleasure chaste,

Unknown to untouched bosoms! In that hour
Fancies and feelings utter from the heart
Thoughts, that have shrunk to meet the pride and power
Of garish day-spring; thoughts that are apart
From human selfishness, and purely tower
To mingle with high Heaven, till comes athwart
A recollection of frail mortal life,
And all its paltry cares and petty strife.

Madras. R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

Ah! gaze not on my alter'd brow!
Once tresses, bright and glossy, shaded
Its smooth unruffled surface, now
Those locks are changed, that brow is faded.

Ah! look not in my wilder'd eye,
Its glance was once the soul of gladness—
Now, dim'd, 'tis fixed on vacancy,
In streaming grief, or straining madness.

It is not age's wasting blight
My eye that dims, my brow that wrinkles—
Nor sudden terror's wild affright
Its grey mist o'er my locks that sprinkles;

Too dear enchantress—it was thou—
Thy beauty's fatal witchery—
Thy fickle love—thy broken vow,
That wrought so dire a change in me!

Then, gaze not on thy victim so,
As if his sorrow's source to see—
'Twould give thy bosom pain to know
The cause—thine own inconstancy!

Remorse for woes thy errors wrought,
And shame and sorrow would possess thee—
And oh!—to me how dire the thought
That woes of mine should thus distress thee.

CHARLES M.

ON SEEING THE PRINCESS VICTORIA DRAWING A SMALL CART THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF ESHER.

Her law a universal law,
Nothing can nature's force impair!
From the same toy their pleasures draw,
The peasant's child, and prince's heir.

Thy dignity yet unawake,
Thy power as yet not fully blown,
'Tis sweet to watch thee thus partake
Amusements humblest hearts have known.

Sweet to contrast thy infant state,
Unraised by hopes, unsunk by fears,
With all the glories that await
The pageant of thy future years.

Thou smil'st—and, like the solar beam,
Thy smile bewitching plays on all.
Hereafter, little dost thou dream,
'Twill *make*—on whomsoe'er it fall.

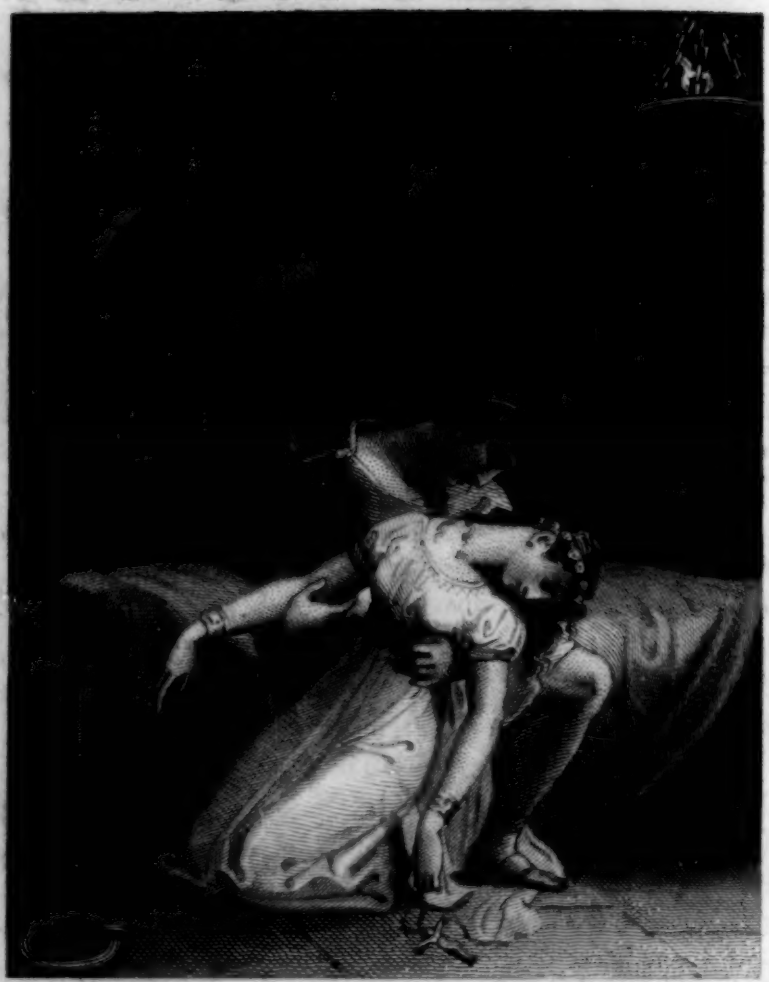
I flatter not:—thrice blest as yet,
Thou hast no bribe of gem or gold!
And ere thou *can'st* pay flattery's debt,
The poet's days—shall all be told.

Esher. L. L. D.

THE BUSHMAN.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

The Bushman sleeps within his black-brow'd den,
In the lone wilderness: around him lie
His wife and little ones unfearingly—
For they are far away from "Christian men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen;
He fears no foe but famine; and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumberingly;
Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.
But he shall dance no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud Christian race—"for they are fiends."



Drawn by Henry Corbould. Engraved by Henry Rolls.

THE EPICUREAN.

HER HEAD SUNK UPON MY ARM, AND
I SAW THAT SHE WAS DYING!

Published June 1 1828, by James Robins & Co. Ivy Lane, London.